NEXT WEEK "THE BAFFLED DETECTIVE; OR, THE SUN SAPPHIRE MYSTERY"
IT WILL KEEP YOU AWAKE. A SPLENDID STORY FOR BOYS VERY SOON

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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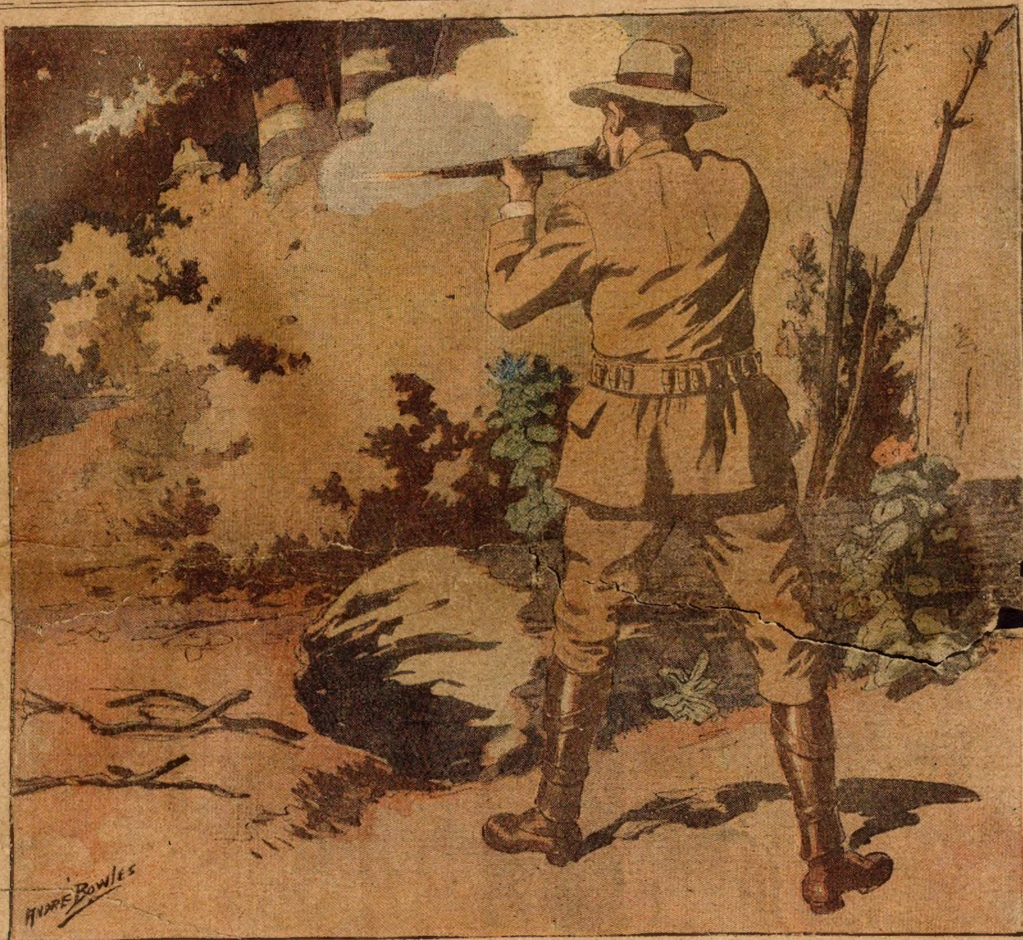

Burrell's Terrible Lesson;

Or, THE BULLET-HOLE IN THE HAT

By Alvah Milton Kerr

THEY left the camp in the cold hush just preceding dawn. In previous mornings they had gone together, but now they walked apart. Burrell had lain all night in black wakefulness and had risen and silently slipped out of the tent without disturbing Temple. After a little time Temple, laughing aloud in a dream, awakened himself and, igniting a match and holding it for an instant over the face of his watch, kicked the blankets off and leaped from his bunk. Lighting a lantern that depended from the centerpole of the tent, he looked at Burrell's empty bunk, and, fetching a short whistle of surprise, hurriedly dressed and stepped out in the chill darkness.

The other tents made dull gray blotches in the gloom near by, while a big log building, Kenney's tavern, bulked darkly among the trees beyond a little opening. Temple looked toward one of the upper windows of the building for a few moments and shook his head slowly, a note of laughter crossing his lips.

"Pshaw!" he commented, with a shrug that was an expression half of pleasure and half of self-depreciation, "she surely didn't mean it! The idea of her accepting me instead of Steve Burrell! Why, it seems wrong. O, the devil, Steve didn't want her or he could have won her, hands down. Of course he didn't care; he never blinked an eye or turned a hair when I told him." Straightening his cartridge belt and slinging his rifle across his shoulder, he turned and walked southward through the darkness, making for the deer runs. He smiled and softly hummed a tune as he walked.

Burrell had taken his way through the forest recklessly at first, irritably spurning the insensate objects that obstructed his steps. When he came to the end of the first mile he stopped short and, hurling his clinched fist against his own broad breast, shouted angrily:

"Fool! where is your will? You thought it easy, you fancied yourself strong! Pah! You make me sick." He dropped the butt of the cold rifle and looked about him. "I'll go back and wake up Charley and we will hunt together as usual," he began, then suddenly snarled, "No, I've got to be alone, I can't bear the sight of him now."

He started down the slope in front of him, grinding fallen twigs and rotting boughs beneath his feet. In the hollow below he stopped for a few moments and listened. The world lay as in a swoon, profoundly silent. Trees stood about him like a thousand vague pillars rising up from the bottom of the sea of darkness. Slow waves of air faintly swayed their shadowy tops. He tramped onward, climbing across another ridge and swinging down a great southward spreading slope. He paused again. A faint gray, the blown ashes of approaching light, puffed suddenly up in the east and sprinkled the sky. The milky way, that had been as a streaming storm of silver, dwindled to a dim drizzle of fading snow, the valleys broke open slowly, in them here and there floating feathers of bluish mist.

He looked down over a wide waste of broken, chaotic country, softened with thickets and far spreading sweeps of forest. In the valley immediately below him lay a lake, all but cut in two near the center by an outward springing tongue of land. The two lobes of the lake seemed to quiver in the pale wash of light like gigantic globules of quicksilver. Burrell went onward a little way and sat down upon a fallen tree trunk, his rifle across his knees. His brow was drawn into a knot above his strong, straight nose, his gray eyes were as flint suffused by restless fires. In his heart was jealousy, rage, and inexpressible chagrin.

Off to the left a rifle cracked sharply and a wild bullet went whining through the treetops above him. The bullet was but one of a thousand wild ones fired among the wooded tangles of the upper peninsula during the deer stalking season. Not infrequently men, nervous, impulsive, anxious to kill, shot at shadows, at stirring clumps of leaves, at almost any obscure and moving thing. The hunted deer, furtive, elusive, swift, were bafflingly difficult targets. Each year in the Michigan woods there was written a sad record of men slain by accident. Always by accident? Possibly not always.

As the thin, prolonged hum of the flying lead died through the treetops above him Burrell's fingers whitened in a tightening grip on his rifle and his lips spat out a black imprecation of disgust. "Some of the fellows who come here to hunt ought to be put in handcuffs and shipped home. With guns that throw lead a mile they blaze away at the wind, at the sunshine, at any old projected fancy that pops out of their addled pates. They are so hot to shoot something they can't see straight. It's a pity some of them can't shoot themselves."

His heated words were the exaggerated overflow of resentment, a lava from inner flames. He was bitterly angry with himself, with Temple, with her, with every sensate and insensate thing that had part in the makeup of a world that had grown hateful in a single night. Suddenly he started to his feet with a sharp tremor of the nerves, a cold gripping together of all his muscles. A thought had crossed his mind, startling him as might the passing of a snake across his bare face. Why, also, should he not shoot wild? Why should he wait to know that the thing at which he aimed was certainly a deer? Had Temple come down by now to watch the deer trails? Faugh! he was probably still sleeping, laughing as he dreamed.

Burrell walked onward a few rods and again stopped, a kind of shudder passing over his body, as with one who tries to shake himself loose from some repulsive thing. From far across the lake came floating the dull echo of a rifle shot. He walked onward with a slow, soft step, looking narrowly about him.

In the east a vast mountain of reddish fire was rising, flinging upward long streamers of diaphanous flame. As the rising sun laid rafters of gold across the valleys from ridge to ridge the world's face was wreathed in glittering radiance. In the glory that had come upon it Burrell moved for a few minutes heedless of his hatred and rage, his inner pain finding in beauty a transient anodyne. Then far up the shore again a rifle spoke sharply in the silence, and from a marsh below him came the weird, guttural cry of a heron, and a flock of crows plunged into the air from a treetop and flapped away across the forest, yelling discordantly. Burrell stopped and rubbed his hand roughly across his forehead and went onward wearily.

Tragedy was abroad in the woods, the world-old battening of life upon life. A timber wolf dashed by Burrell in startled terror, curling lips still wet from a murderous feast; a hungry hawk circled round and round in the air and fell like a bolt into a screaming thicket; out from the edge of the brown reeds in a bend of the lake a pickerel, with tigerish eyes and cruel, undershot jaw, shot like an arrow in pursuit of quarry. The blue heron, knee deep in the sedge, turned noiselessly here and there, searching, searching, and men hidden beside the deer trails waited and watched in nervous eagerness to slay nature's most docile creatures as they passed downward in quest of drink.

And why was tragedy everywhere, imminent or accomplished? Hunger, possession, pleasure, these were the goads to conquest, incentives older than the hill heads were splitting the sheets [illegible] morning yellow wedges. Hunger, possessure? Then why, Burrell asked should he not slay, since conquest dealing death seemed a law im the processes of creation? the hunger of these creatures hat was de his hunger, their of the wood bes er of the of the body, his hu mind? Why should he not appease his longings by the same law that nearly every natural creature employed? Why should man affect to be governed by a principle of conduct eschewed by the balance of living things? Why should a man, who came to slay these wildwood creatures, pose as having humanity superior to the preying creatures about him? Fool! soft, silly fool!

Was not the whole cosmos, from the crashing together of planets down to the last fighting atom of triturated matter, busily employed in destroying things that other things might thrive? Bah! Why should a man think unselfishness, forbearance, abnegation, evidences of strength? Measured by the laws of nature these clearly denoted weakness.

Looking the savage facts of the universe squarely in the face, why should a man hesitate to kill another man if profit followed? What was the philosophy of compassion but the inherited apology of the sniveling cowards of the race, accepted by modern weaklings as virtue? Out of the glamour of a world overspread with the artificial flowers of man's pity the working muscles of savage nature thrust themselves everywhere into view, taking life, forever taking life! Was he, Burrell, something set apart, lifted above the rest? Was not he, and was not Temple also, simply so much matter, sensate atoms in the great body of nature? Then why not remove Temple from his path? Thus from the insanity he conjured awful sophistry.

He passed down the slope and around the furrowed flank of a hill and came into a little valley that opened wide-mouthed on the lake. The valley was lined with thickets of brush, with here and there a towering oak. A deer path came down through the blinding growth, winding and twisting, a scarcely perceptible thread. Here Temple was likely to come, hiding by the trail to watch for the brown-gray creatures that might steal to and from the water.

Burrell began to work his way slowly and stealthily through the brush, paralleling the deer trail and peering intently about him. He somehow looked shorter in stature than an hour before, his strong, square face grew elongated and thinner in effect, his wide set eyes narrowed perceptibly, his mouth straightened its curves and widened, drawing backward and downward at the corners and faintly flattening his nose, a seemingly yellowish pallor crept into his flesh, his hands broadened and clutched about the rifle with startling suggestion of talons. Upon his whole person had come an aspect, crafty, wolfish, animal. In a moment, as it were, he had altered from the godlike figure of the lofty human to the skulking ugliness of the brute; and all, strangely, because good will and unselfishness had withered in him, because murder had entered his heart.

The stillness of the region was well nigh cloistral. Somewhere far off now and again a jay cried discordantly, and at intervals the harsh, demoniac screech of a loon came up from the lake. But for these occasional rough edged blades of sound being drawn across the silence the place would have seemed sleeping in utter peace. Yet Burrell saw nothing but the thicket about him, clots of brown leaves, and a thousand gray rods that impeded foot and eye. In him apprehension of beauty lay as numb as in the heart of the wolf that had snarlingly passed by him.

Betimes he paused with one foot lifted for a moment, as hunting animals do, while he peered and listened, his nostrils moist and faintly working as if unconsciously sniffing the air. He was surely a half hour in traversing a distance of five hundred yards.

Tensely drawn, noiseless, clad in clay colored buckram, he stole through the tangle like a dark spirit of decaying autumn, always peering narrowly about him. Presently he came into the shadow of a burly oak. Its dead leaves whispered dryly above him, and an owl slid out of the tree into the air and slowly flapped southward.

He started and glanced up, and for a moment stood still, conscious of the loud beating of his heart, then his look became cruel and prying again. As he went onward, bending forward involuntarily and glaring from under the rim of his hat, he saw something ahead of him that caused him to crouch low and grip his rifle tremblingly. Then he slowly arose and looked again.

A man's hat was partly visible among the tops of a clump of hazel bushes some fifty yards ahead of him. With a quivering intake of breath he sank down upon his hands and knees and crept forward noiselessly. Again he warily arose and looked. The hat was still there, a little more clearly exposed. Surely it was Temple's grayish felt crusher! Beneath it—or was it slightly beyond it—shone the vague outline of a grayish brown object that moved, or was the movement but the swaying of the mesh of hazel stalks that all but rendered it invisible?

He craned his neck forward, his face peaked and catlike of outline, and his finger ends turning spatulate and white on the rifle barrel. That which he saw must be Temple's body in its gray-brown hunting suit as he stood in the copse watching the deer trail! He hesitated an instant, then drew his rifle against his shoulder quickly, leveled it, and glanced along the iron barrel, aiming at the man's indistinct figure.

Who would know? Not any one in the wide world—only that another man had been shot by accident in the Michigan woods! Then hate and the goad of jealousy and his soul's sharp crying would be ended! Maybe she would turn to him!

His finger came against the trigger, a crash, enormously exaggerated by his straining ears, rent the silence into tumult, rolling away and clapping in dull echoes against the hills. For a moment the tangle into which he had sent the bullet crackled and shook and the hat was flung outward twelve or fifteen feet into the trail. Through a little space he stood swallowing dryly and staring through the clearing puff of blue-white smoke; then, with an overmastering impulse to hide himself, he squatted upon his haunches and held his breath, looking queerly at the gun, his hands, and the dead weeds and roots about him.

The stillness was profound. At last he arose and went forward, white of face and unconsciously walking on tiptoe. When he came to the hat in the trail he stopped and looked down at it oddly. It was Temple's, and it was rent through laterally by a bullet! How, he thought, could he have shot so high? Again he drew in a long breath and listened. He could not see the body in the copse, but there came to his ears a sighing sob, then again a sigh and gasp, then utter silence followed. Then he awoke as from a strange stupor and a voice leaped out of his own mouth that was not his voice, and it cried:

"Temple is dead! You have killed Temple!"

At this his rifle slipped from his fingers and fell across the trail and lay unregarded; he lifted his hands as if to stay the attack of something invisible and looked shrinkingly and wildly about him. From everywhere around him there suddenly seemed inscrutable eyes looking; from every shrub and root and tree exuded an intangible horror. With a frenzied cry of terror he turned and fled down the trail toward the lake.

He stopped at the water's marge and looked to left and right and outward. Where could he go now? Where in the earth's farthest waste and most inaccessible corner was there shadow and secret loneliness enough to hide him? Hatred and jealousy and his soul's selfish cry, indeed, were ended now! He had taken human life, he had slain his friend! What now was even she but the dead pith of a withered stalk blown out of sight and out of mind? She! What was she—the music of her laughter, the roses of her cheeks, the perfume of her hair, the witchery of her eyes, to hush the stunning thunder of that last, sobbing sigh that he had heard among the hazel bushes?

He looked down over his person curiously. Was that his body, was this he, Stephen Burrell, turning here and there among the reeds and willows confusedly, with the wish to get out of the world and away from all men, yet incapable of conceiving where there could be such a fathomless solitude as he craved? Where was his hate engendered sophistry now? Why did not the animal law of slaughter bring him contentment of mind as it did the beasts? After all, men were not as they, men were not as they!

Then there arose in his mind a sudden, startling new terror. He had left his rifle lying close by Temple's hat upon the trail, within a few yards of Temple's dead body! Erelong, then, the world must know from whose hand Temple had received his death! He hurried pantingly back to the trail. His gun glistened across the path where it had fallen, all lay hushed and quiet in the sunshine.

He caught up the rifle and stood for a moment staring down at Temple's hat, fascinated by the sense of personal relation which it had created in him. Poor Temple! raped of his life, and to lie in the thicket undiscovered, perhaps, for weeks! Why, the wolves might come at night and feed upon the dear boy's body! Smitten with this new element of fear, he started quickly into the hazel copse, his soul cringing and his flesh creeping with terror of the vision that awaited him. But in the past he had been something of a father to Temple and now solicitude tugged at him. Temple! Temple! How could he leave him to be defiled and mangled by the scavengers of the woods?

He parted the thick tangle of hazel rods tremblingly and peered in. He pushed his way toward the center of the clump of brush, but the appalling thing he had fancied was not there! Instead, there lay the body of an antlered deer! He stood still for a little in a dead hush, a silence that crackled faintly in his ears, then an exclamation that was not a word but the audible soul of astonishment fell from his lips. Suddenly he broke out laughing hysterically.

Why, then, Temple was not dead! He had not killed Temple! He laughed aloud again, as one might who had barely escaped the tumbling bulk of a falling mountain. He came out into the trail still laughing, but there lay Temple's hat by the path! In his throat the laughter became a gasp, then silence. He took up the hat gravely and looked at it. Surely a bullet had ripped through it! Had the bullet issued from his rifle? Perhaps he had hit Temple and the man had later recovered consciousness and crawled away in search of succor! Again terror came upon Burrell, but the quality of it had altered. A vision of his friend wounded and creeping through the thickets in quest of aid arose before him. He must find Temple! No matter what befell himself; Temple might be wounded, suffering, dying! He must find Temple!

He called aloud once, twice, then listened. There seemed no sound other than the coming and going of his own breath. He crashed through the thickets in a widening circle, calling, and still calling. But the sunshine, faintly aquiver, lay calmly over it all, spinning only a golden hush. He came back to the hazel copse again and took up Temple's hat and inspected it, then resolutely set off along the trail northward. He would go to the camp; he would know if Temple lived!

He went with hurrying feet until he saw the rustic chimneys of Kenney's tavern pricking upward through the trees; then he hesitated, his boiling eagerness falling chill. What if, after all, his bullet had torn through Temple's brain and some one had found the slain man and brought him home! He went onward a little way and peered out fearfully from a point where he could see the tents and the buildings beyond. Suddenly he drew back with a strange, crooning kind of cry, his face ashen pale, yet luminous. He took his lower lip between his teeth to keep from yelling in mad joy. Temple was walking toward him along the trail, a cap pushed back on his brown hair, a walking stick in his hand!

Burrell drew further back, the veins in his neck and upon his temples jumping with the wild pounding of his heart. He looked upward, the sky seemed blue as a sapphire stone, the sunshine seemed to beat and dazzle above him like the blent light of many gems. His soul was clean of actual crime! As he stood half dizzy with the rapture of it Temple broke out singing a song, a jocund, bravura roar that would have been laughable only that its spirit was the spirit of morning and youth and love.

Burrell, bedraggled, and with lines graven in his face that had never been there before, stepped out in the trail and went toward him. Temple paused and broke off his singing with a [illegible]

"Why, Steve, old boy, what's the matter? What has happened?" he asked, clearly shocked.

Burrell hesitated and fumbled for words. He held Temple's hat in his hand. "This—this—I found it, and—and I thought you had been killed," he said.

Temple sent a peal of laughter up among the trees. "Well, of all things, what a fool business me leaving that old hat out there! I shot that hole in it myself. You see, Steve, I ran across a deer down in the woods there, a doe, but you know, I couldn't shoot a fly this morning? Not after what happened last night! No, no! You see, I was rather happy, acting like a fool kid all by myself, so instead of shooting the doe I flung up my hat and bored a hole through it. I wore the torn lid on down toward the lake, but concluded I didn't care to wear the thing home and be thought to have gone dippy, so I flung it out in the bushes."

Burrell tossed the torn hat out among some dead weeds and laughed queerly. "I shot a buck," he said, "and—and—so long as I live I shall never again take the life of anything."

Temple emitted an explosive peal of laughter, then looked at his friend with doubt and questioning in his eyes. "Is it I that have gone crazy, or are the bats in your belfry, Steve?" he queried.

But Burrell did not enlighten him; instead he placed a hand on each of Temple's shoulders and looked him in the eyes, mingled shame and gladness in his own. "Charley," he said, "I haven't words with which to tell you how glad I am that you are alive! Another thing, last night when you told me about—about her, I didn't shake your hand, I didn't congratulate you, did I?"

"No, not exactly, Steve."

"Well, I didn't quite realize then—some—certain differences between beasts and men, and how much I cared for you both. Believe me, I am glad."

Praisegod Barebone's Brother.

It is perhaps in the perusal of musty old parchments and parish registers that the really curious name is found. At the beginning of the seventeenth century and extending well into Puritan times they are remarkably numerous. Among the baptisms are such Christian names as Repent, Freegift, Restore, Constant and Faintnot. That remarkable member of the Parliament of 1653, Praisegod Barebone, was actually baptized by that name and is so called in the records of the Leathersellers' Company of London. But it must be admitted that Barebone's brother adopted his Christian name, which ran thus and could never have been comfortably accommodated upon an ordinary visiting card of today: "If-Christ-had-not-died-for-thee-thou-shouldest-have-been-damned, Barebone." And this individual had but himself to blame because his lightsome friends and the wits called him Damned Barebone.

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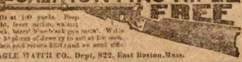

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The Amazing Pact;

Or, A CLEW BY WIRELESS

By WELDON J. COBB.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

JUSTICE!

"YOU know where Dexter Ross is to be found?" exclaimed the young wireless operator excitedly—"then tell me, I beg of you."

"Why should I?" demanded the stranger, drawing back and eyeing Strong with suspicion and reserve in his glance.

"At least, tell me who you are," pleaded Strong.

"No, my business is with Gideon Lane," persisted the stranger.

"But I tell you he cannot be seen. It is doubtful if he will live. I will say this to you! I am no friend or relative of his family, yet until Mr. Lane was struck down a short time since, he was on the point of making me a confidant, in fact on instrument of his vengeance for hunting down Dexter Ross."

This last declaration seemed to impress the stranger. He scanned Strong critically.

"Do you mean to tell me," he demanded, "that this old man is not in harmony with Gideon Lane?"

"Not at the present time."

"Is he a man who, appealed to, would join in fighting a great wrong committed by his renegade nephew?"

Strong hesitated for a moment or two. Then he said frankly:

"As a matter of principle, no. Because his nephew has been guilty of some treachery toward him, and he is inspired by malice and hatred, yes."

"They are all of a breed, then," said the stranger gloomily. "I will waste no time seeking justice where it cannot be found."

He turned and left the spot. Strong followed. He halted the other by placing a detaining hand on his shoulder.

"My friend," he said gravely, "something about your speech and manner tells me that you, like myself, are a victim of the plots of Dexter Ross."

"Like yourself?" repeated the stranger, a new interest coming into his face.

"Yes."

"He has wronged you?"

"Deeply."

"And you seek to find him?"

"I must."

"I can help you, but I must know your interest in this man. My own great wrong calls for justice and of that only can I think, but I am willing to assist you if our motives are identical."

Strong reflected deeply. It meant a good deal to trust his story to a stranger. Yet, he was so thoroughly convinced that the stranger was an enemy to Ross, that he decided to risk treachery or complications.

"I will tell you all," he said simply, and he did so.

The stranger listened intently. He seemed to have so schooled mind and face to conceal emotion through some hard, cruel experience with this man, Dexter Ross, that Strong was unable to decide how his story impressed him.

"I will help you," he said, after a serious, reflective pause. "Come with me."

"Where?" inquired Strong.

"First, to the city."

"San Francisco?"

"Yes."

"And this end of the case?"

"You will gain nothing further by remaining here. Your main object is to locate your missing sister and her companion."

"And after that to understand the reason why uncle and nephew are interested in Cecile Dunbar," declared Strong forcibly.

"I cannot help you in that end of the case. Your own efforts must fathom out their motives; I have but one object in my life—justice. I see that I cannot secure it from Gideon Lane. I shall try with Dexter Ross again. What you tell me of his apparent complicity in the murder of the man you named."

"Robert Middleton."

"Yes—that may be a new instrument to drive him to my will. We shall see. Are you willing to go with me? Do not delay, for my own troubles are so great that I have little friendly feeling left for others."

"Yes, I will go with you," decided Strong instantly.

"Very well. I will do all I can for you."

"You mean——"

"As to your missing friends. I ask only two promises from you."

"What are they?"

"That you respect implicitly the condidence I repose in you."

"Agreed," pledged Strong.

"That you will follow out my directions to the letter in all I ask you to do."

"I have absolute faith in your good intentions."

"You are an honorable man," said the stranger. "I am glad to help you, but my life is a broken one, and I cannot cooperate with you after I have guided you."

"At least let me try and cooperate for your own good," suggested Strong sympathetically.

"No, I must tread my sorrowful course alone," responded the other bitterly.

They reached the city early the next morning, going to a retired hotel. At dusk that evening the stranger led Strong to a cab.

"I must blindfold you," he said, once inside of the vehicle.

"As you choose," assented the young wireless operator willingly.

The stranger bound a handkerchief about Strong's eyes. He seemed to have some understood arrangement with the driver of the cab. It proceeded for several miles and finally halted.

The stopping place was obscure and unfamiliar to Strong. As the blindfold was removed, he found himself in a dark, narrow alleyway.

"We will return soon," the stranger informed the driver of the vehicle.

"Very well, sir, replied the jehu, touching his hat.

"Come," said the stranger to Strong, and taking him by the arm he led into a dark hallway, then up a flight of stairs, unlocked a heavy door, crossed an unlighted room, and paused at a barred door.

Through the bars a faint light emanated. Strong's guide placed his finger to his lips and whispered warningly:

"Silence. Advance to that door, look in, come back to me."

Strong proceeded to the door. He gazed into an apartment suggesting a prison room. It held a squalid couch, near which burned a candle. Near by was a jug of water and a loaf of bread.

But it was upon the wretched occupant of the couch that Strong gazed in amazement, almost in horror. It was Dexter Ross!

He was unshaven, unkempt, thin, pale, wild-eyed. His fashionable clothes were torn and disarranged. Surrounding wrists and ankles were heavy manacles, chained in turn to a ring in the floor of the room.

Silently, as Strong returned to him, the stranger led him out of the room and the building, and back to the cab. Again Strong was blindfolded. There was a long silent ride. Then the blindfold was removed from his eyes.

"We will soon part forever," spoke the strange companion of the wireless operator. "You will never see me again. You recognized the man I showed you?"

"I did," asserted Strong.

"It was Dexter Ross?"

"Yes."

"He is my prisoner. A week ago I captured him. Engaged deeply in new schemes of crime and intrigue, I cut short his gay, heedless life of evil and luxury, and immured him in a dungeon where life has been to him a living death."

"Why?" inquired Strong, deeply awed.

"Justice!" solemnly proclaimed the stranger. "That man deserted my sister, his wedded wife. She disappeared. I have demanded of him to tell me where she is. He refuses. I sought his uncle to secure justice. It was vain. I think in the end Ross will confess that he has murdered my sister. If so, he is doomed. In a few moments we will arrive at a building where two accomplices of Ross have been hired to watch over two young girls, whom he had imprisoned. One is named Ethel."

"My sister!" breathed Strong fervently.

"The other, whom he had arranged to force into a marriage with himself when I cut short his wicked career, is named Cecile."

"Oh, lead me to them!" cried Strong in an ecstasy of anxiety and suspense.

"You must work out your end of the case yourself," said the stranger. "I would advise you to secure the aid of the police. We have arrived."

The cab halted. The stranger pushed open the door of the vehicle. It stood in front of a grim, dark structure on an isolated street.

"There is the building," he said simply, and Ralston Strong stepped from the vehicle to face the most fateful adventure of his life.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FOUND AT LAST.

Ralston Strong realized that he stood on the threshold of a great discovery. Immediately the cab had driven away, with the last impressive words of the stranger echoing in his ear:

"That is the building."

The young wireless operator did not risk being seen by any one from the building or in the street. As the cab disappeared around the next corner, and all about the secluded thoroughfare became silent again, he hastened to the shadowy entrance of the grim structure of brick and stone.

One flight of rickety stairs, two flights, then, gazing up a third staircase, Strong fancied that he detected a faint glow of light and that he caught the echo of human voices.

He cautiously ascended the stairs. As he reached its top he found the upper floor to be guarded by a heavy sheet iron door, but this was ajar, and peering past a short narrow entry he made out a large room containing two men.

In a flash Strong recognized one of these as the man who had fired upon him the night of his ride in the automobile in the stolen outing coat of Dexter Ross. The fellow looked as cruel and vicious as ever, and his companion was even more villainous in face and manner.

These two men were just leaving the room to go into one adjoining. Strong did not hesitate. He pushed open the big door, and the next moment stood in the apartment which the two men had just vacated.

It was a queer room. It was filled with tobacco smoke and held a stove and two cots. A table was heaped up with the remnants of a meal and a box upon it held several revolvers and some knives and handcuffs. This motley array rather puzzled Strong. He seized and pocketed one of the weapons. Then, as he heard the sound of returning footsteps, he sprang for the first safe covert offered.

This proved to be a large hogshead, standing in one corner of the room. It was nearly filled with old crumpled up newspapers. He sprang in among this refuse, sunk down under it, and found a snug hiding place out of view.

"Well," spoke one of the two men reentering the room, "the three of them are locked up for the night. I say, Adams, are we going to stay here forever?"

Adams was the man whom Strong had met before. He replied:

"What's the odds, as long as we're paid liberally in advance for two months."

"Oh, none at all," the other hastened to say, "only it struck me as queer, this stop in the plans of Ross."

"Yes, he had arranged to marry the girl, Cecile."

"That was over a week ago."

"And he hasn't shown up since, as he

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arranged to do. I hardly understand it. Well, all we can do is to stay here and obey orders."

The speaker had lit a cigar as he spoke. He gave the match he had used a careless fling over his shoulder.

It was to precipitate an unexpected and startling climax. The match landed directly on top of the paper in the hogshead, under which Strong had just burrowed. There was a crisp crackle and darting flare of light.

"Fire!" yelled the man opposite the smoker.

"The mischief!" echoed the latter.

Both sprang to their feet. So did Strong. His uplifting head and shoulders scattered the blazing scraps of paper over the edge of the hogshead and harmlessly out upon the floor. In one hand he extended the revolver.

"Stand where you are," he ordered, "or I will fire!"

So taken aback were the two men by the sudden confrontation, that they stood petrified, inert. They could not reach the box on the table containing the other weapons. Strong, still steadily advancing the revolver, stepped out of the hogshead and put the table between himself and the cowed, vicious-faced villains.

"March to that wall—face it!" ordered Strong.

The miscreants obeyed without cavil or hesitation. Strong reached into the box on the table. He selected a pair of manacles and tossed them at the feet of one of the culprits.

"Fasten those on your accomplice," he commanded.

Click! A sharp manipulation of the revolver hurried the movements of the man. Strong saw that one of them was now helpless. He advanced to his comrade with another pair of handcuffs, made him put them on, himself locked them shut, secured a chain from the box, passed it around both pairs of handcuffs and padlocked it to an iron pipe in one corner of the room.

Upon the table lay a large bunch of keys. Strong secured them and opened the iron door. Next he proceeded on a tour of investigation, carrying a lamp in one hand.

He had to pass through as many as four rooms and down all kinds of labrynthine passageways before his search resulted in anything definite. At last he came to a room with a barred door. A white, peering face looked out at him.

"Talbert!" cried Strong.

"Ah, you have come at last!" joyfully exclaimed his old-time telegraph comrade. "I knew you would."

"How long have you been here?" inquired Strong.

"Since the night I last saw you. I shadowed Ross too closely, he suspected me and led me into this trap."

"And Ethel?"

"She and another young lady are also prisoners in this building."

"Come, we will find them," said Strong, unlocking the door.

It took them half an hour to locate any indication as to the whereabouts of the fair captives they sought. They at last penetrated to a neatly furnished apartment in which sat an old woman knitting. Beyond her in another room, engaged in conversation, were two persons at the sight of whom the young wireless operator felt his heart beat wildly.

The old woman stared in amazement as Strong rushed past her.

"Ethel!" he cried, springing toward his sister with outstretched arms.

"Oh, Ralston! is it you at last, at last!"

She was sobbing and laughing in his brotherly embrace the next moment. As they stood thus, with dazzled eyes and bated breath, Cecile advanced toward them.

"It is Mr. Strong?" she cried. "Oh, I am —happy!"

And then, a joyous, innocent lovelight in her pure, beautiful eyes, she irresistibly caught his hand in an excess of gratitude and pressed it to her lips.

CHAPTER XXV.

CONCLUSION.

One week after their rescue from the prison in which Dexter Ross had placed them in charge of his hired emissaries, Ethel and Strong and Cecile Dunbar were comfortably cared for in the home of a widow lady at the little village near the old tower.

At the tower itself, with its wireless apparatus once more in order, Ralston Strong and his loyal friend, Elwyn Talbert, were once more in business harness.

It had been an eventful week for the four forlorn refugees. Now, the sky of friendship and hope clearing, they rested after the terrible storm of plot and intrigue that had nearly destroyed the harmony of their bright young lives.

It had evidently been the plan of Dexter Ross to marry Cecile. Why, it could only be, theorized Strong, that as his wife she could command a greater fortune than that which his uncle, Gideon Lane, had promised him. The villain had made Ethel and Cecile believe that Strong was in his power, and Cecile, to save his life, might have been induced to become the wife of the plotter.

After making sure that the two men, who had acted as respectful but close guardians of the girls, knew nothing of the underlying motives of Ross and his uncle, Strong set them free, and also the old woman who had taken care of Ethel and Cecile.

The following day he learned that Gideon Lane was dead, and a day or two later that no will had been found, and that Djalma had absconded with all he could lay his hands on.

Strong went to a San Francisco lawyer and placed the whole case before him. The attorney felt sure, as did Strong, that some mystery concerning an estate appertained to Cecile, but that the secret of the same had died with old Gideon Lane.

Then came another startling shock. Dexter Ross was found dead in an obscure city alley. On his breast was pinned a card bearing the tragic legend:

"He murdered my sister—justice!"

Cecil mourned in her pathetic, simple way when Strong told her that, after all his efforts, he feared that he could not succeed in exploring the mystery of her life.

"I am sorry," she said, "for I have so longed for the love of a mother and a sister. But I am content, after the terrible peril we have all so providentially escaped. I am happy with dear Ethel, and—and——"

She paused and flushed, and her eyes drooped as they met the ardent, expectant glance of Strong.

"Yes, and you!" she said impulsively, placing both her pretty hands in his own. "You have been, oh, so true and loyal! Tell me, dear, good friend, how can I show my gratitude for all you have done for me?"

"By loving me as I love you," said Strong simply.

Her head sank upon his breast, and there Ethel discovered them, happy as herself, for her own heart was singing with joy for the love of brave, splendid Elwyn Talbert.

* * * * *

"Great news, Ralston!"

"That so?"

"You will say so soon. Hey, Price! in with you, and repeat your remarkable story to the best friend I have in the world."

With a rush Talbert forced a companion into the tower room, whom Strong at once recognized as a former fellow telegraph operator.

"I've had something to tell you for over a week," declared Price. "Just learned you were here, and ran down from Santa Benito where I've been subbing at the wireless station."

"I hope it is good news," said Strong.

"It is strange news," replied Price. "For over a month queer patches of wireless have been ringing down the coast. They came in jerks, in fragments, and at odd times, as if some novice operator was at some defective instrument thousands of miles away. What attracted attention was that the call always was O. P. X. 24. That's the station."

"What were the messages?" inquired Strong, deeply interested and impressed.

"Here are some of the fragments explained Price. " 'On island captive.' 'Wireless here.' 'Rescue.' 'Shooting Star.' "

"Hello!" exclaimed Strong, fully startled.

"Then there was a lapse of over three weeks, and then about ten days ago a full coherent message from on board the liner Martinique, bound from Pekin to San Francisco. It was directed to O. P. X. 24, like the others. I made a copy of it. Here it is.

The narrator produced a strip of paper. Ralston Strong pursued it eagerly. It read:

"Captive on island. Tried to wire you. Escaped. Now on way to meet you. Have got the dispatch box from the Shooting Star."

And the message was signed: "Lapham Clive."

"Incredible!" cried the amazed Strong.

He could not at all figure out the situation. Was not the Shooting Star blown up, destroyed?"

But one week later all was explained. Into the tower one beautiful morning walked his old acquaintance of the Buenaventure, the envoy of the London Lloyds, Lapham Clive.

In his old quaint, snappy style he hailed Strong with a nod of the head and a simple:

"Howdy. Got something to tell you."

The eccentric fellow had a great deal to tell, it seemed. When he had left the settlement at the Typhoon Islands, he had done so because, from hints dropped by visiting natives, he was led to believe that he had blown up the wrong ship.

He had gone down the coast to investigate. It was to be captured by the savages. Near their camp he discovered the real Shooting Star, a water-logged wreck.

It seemed that the one blown up was quite another derelict. The way the figure head of the Shooting Star came to be upon it, was that the natives believed that the craft could be righted and used, and they had carried the figure head to it attracted by its gilded prettiness.

In the camp of the savages Clive had found the wireless outfit lost at sea by Strong, and had tried to use it.

One dark night he managed to escape. He set fire to the real Shooting Star to complete his work, gained the settlement, and now he was here.

"In the hold of the Shooting Star I found this," he said, and he handed to Strong a tin dispatch box.

It was wonderful what the little box revealed. Inside of it were documents innumerable, all relating to the mystery that surrounded Cecile Dunbar.

It seemed that Rupert Stone and Middleton had been great friends of her father. Within a few years only had they learned of the cruel wrong done to his family by Gideon Lane, and they had set at work to right it.

The fortune that Lane had secured was really left to Mr. Dunbar. He died, Lane kidnaped Cecile. He forced her frightened mother and sister, under threats of killing her, to sail to an obscure home in Australia. A paper in the box told where they were located.

In the box also were absolute proofs that the Lane estate belonged to Cecile and her family.

All was explained, and when the news was imparted to the beautiful young girl, and Strong intimated that he could not think of asking a wealthy heiress to wed a penniless wireless operator, she checked his words with her pretty lips and the sentiment:

"All I have of love, fortune and happiness has been brought to me by you."

The heiress of grand old Fairview took possession of her fair heritage, as soon as her mother and sister arrived in California.

A few weeks later there was a double wedding, announced far and wide down the coast from station to station, in honor of the fearless young operator who had won a bride and happiness through a clew from the wireless.

The end.

The Ways of Husbands.

Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Robinson were sitting on the Robinson veranda talking and by and by the talk turned upon husbands. "It seems to me our husbands don't half appreciate what we do to make them comfortable," said Mrs. Smith, "for if they did they'd say so once in a while. Now, in the matter of setting a good table. I know I'm at least an average cook, and can prepare food that's fit for folks to eat; but it makes no difference how hard I try, how much I exert myself to have things tasty, my husband never seems to think of praising anything. Maybe he holds with the old proverb that 'praise to the face is open disgrace,' because I must do him the justice to add that he never blames me if things happen to go a little wrong. I suppose he realizes I've done my best and to fuss over a failure won't help matters."

"Your husband is a deal more considerate than mine!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones. "He not only never gives me a syllable of praise if everything goes right, but he's sure to grumble if the least thing goes wrong—not ill-naturedly, perhaps, but he makes unfavorable comments that stir me up far more than he ever suspects. He forgets about them a minute later, but they stay with me and—and rankle sometimes."

"Well, now, girls," spoke up Mrs. Robinson, "I've had my husband a good many years longer than you have had yours, and I settled down to the conclusion quite a while ago, that men are made that way and don't know any better. If a husband doesn't scold too loud or too often, that's about all a wife can hope for. My cooking has always passed muster with my children, and whenever they come back home visiting they're sure to ask me to make this, that or the other dish that they used to be fond of, and they tell me it's the very best in the world. So I feel fairly certain I can cook. But my husband never hints anything of the kind to me, any more than if he were dumb. Still, when he passes up his plate and says, 'Gimme some more o' that!' I'm pretty well satisfied that he likes it—whatever it is."

"Do you never ask him outright whether he likes a thing or not?" inquired Mrs. Jones.

"I did once—a good many years ago," returned Mrs. Robinson, with a reminiscent twinkle in her eye. "I made a pudding that my children never can get enough of—and 'tis good, if I do say it. Well, I had helped him three times, after he had eaten a pretty substantial first course, too, and so, just to see what would come of it, I said: 'Do you like the pudding, Ezra?'

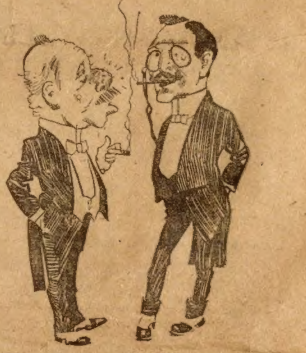
" 'M'h'm,' said he, with his mouth full. 'It's pretty fair.'

"Then I said, 'I rather suspected perhaps you sort of relished it, seeing you're eating it middling hearty.' "

"What reply did you get to that?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"All he said was, 'Humph! Man's gotter eat something.' "

An Awful Shock.



"My wife always kisses me when she wants money."

"Well, she certainly earns all she gets."

At Last She Remembered.

"Why," he said, "you surely remember me. I met you at the seaside two years ago."

"Did you?" she replied; "It's strange, but I can't remember seeing you before."

"Don't you remember one August afternoon when something extraordinary happened?"

"Let me see. Really, I can't recall it now."

"That's strange. I should think you'd remember it vividly as long as you live. Take another look at me and see if it doesn't all come back to you."

"No," she said, after she had gazed earnestly at him for a moment, "I really can't remember it at all. Perhaps you have shaved off your mustache or in some other way changed appearance since we met."

"No, I look about the same as I did then. Why, surely, you haven't forgotten me. You're having fun with me."

"O, very well, if you choose to think so. But I don't remember ever having seen you before."

"If you are not jesting, your forgetfulness is the most remarkable thing I ever heard of."

"Do you think so? It could hardly be much more remarkable than your egotism. Do you suppose every girl who happens to meet you on an August afternoon is likely to remember you all her life?"

"I don't flatter myself that any such thing is likely to happen; but I did have an idea that any girl I ever met as I met you that afternoon might remember for a while."

"What was there strange or extraordinary in our meeting?"

"You had fallen from the pier, and I merely jumped into the sea and saved your life."

"O, I remember now. It was at Ocean beach, wasn't it? You are the man who plunged in after me before the one whom I wished to come to my rescue had time to do anything heroic."

Items of Interest.

It has been noted by criminologists that most criminals have large ears.

Belfast, Ireland, has had municipal ownership of street cars for the last five years.

The native hen of New Zealand is the foe of rats, and readily captures and kills them.

When absent from home, President Taft, every evening when possible, has a long-distance telephone chat with his family.

An ordinary gas jet consumes as much oxygen as five persons. In other words, it vitiates the air of a room as much as five persons.

It is not in the nostrils that the sense of smell lies, but in the upper third of the nose. There the red lining of the nostril changes into brown, and becomes much more sensitive.

Changeable.

She—Here's a lock of blonde hair and one of black hair in your watch case, Fred. What does it mean?

He—Is your memory so short, dear? They are both yours.

Hope For Consumptives

We have a message of cheer for consumptives and lung sufferers—many of whom may have given up hope of ever being well and happy again. Look, listen and learn—this testimony should stir you into action.

A Physician Cures His Wife of Consumption

Gentlemen:—

"My wife was down with Consumption, when I ordered a bottle of Aicsol (Lloyd). She was very weak from night sweats, cough, and in a feverish condition. I noticed a change for the better after ten days' treatment, and from that time on up to three months, when the cure was completed. Aicsol (Lloyd) kills the Tubercle Bacillus in the blood and tissue, and it is the only remedy so far discovered that will do this. It is a preventative as well as a cure. It should be used by those who are run down, or those who fear the approach of Consumption. It can be truthfully said that Aicsol (Lloyd), for the cure and prevention of Consumption, is the most wonderful compound of the present age."

DR. W. H. KNIGHT,
East Saugus, Mass.

J. A. Ward, M. D., Willing To Make Oath

Gentlemen:—

Had you spent $25,000.00 in advertising your remedy to the people for the benefit of consumption and all the chronic lung troubles, instead of distributing it among physicians who put samples in out-of-the-way places and perhaps never think of them again, you would now, in all probability, have a paying trade, while many poor victims of the White Plague that are now in their graves would be well and attending to business.

I believe you have one of the best remedies ever offered to the people. I believe it to be a general reconstructor of tissue and indicated in all cases where a reconstructor is called for. I have used Aicsol (Lloyd) for nearly five years, and know what I am talking about.

Once the remedy becomes generally known there will be but little trouble disposing of it.

You can use my name in any way you see fit in advertising, as I have said nothing in regard to the matter to which I will not be willing to make oath where such course is necessary.

Very respectfully,
J. A. WARD, M. D.
Troy, Mo., July 22, 1908.

A Physician Tells How Consumption May Be Cured

To Whom It May Concern:—

This is to show that I have used AICSOL (Lloyd), a medicine made and sold by LLOYD CHEMICAL CORP., of St. Louis, Mo., on one case of pulmonary consumption, on a lady in Kentucky, who was 47 years of age, and she recovered, and is now well and performing her ordinary duties and household work as of yore; is a gratified and sound woman.

The above case was far advanced in the second stage; night sweats, daily chills, hectic flush, and in the stage of menopause, which is one of the most critical periods in woman's life.

I believe it will cure nine out of ten cases for which it is made, thereby saving and prolonging life, bringing health, happiness and saving immense suffering and in the aggregate, worry and thousands and millions of money. I heartily recommend AICSOL (Lloyd) to all interested and suffering with any forms of consumption, and give permission to use my name in placing AICSOL (Lloyd) before the public.

Very respectfully,
G. W HOLT, M. D.
McLeansboro, Ill.

We consider Aicsol (Lloyd) the greatest treatment of the century—entirely different from any other treatment now in existence; the most startling addition to medical science since Jenner isolated vaccine virus.

Listen and be convinced. Many patients begin its use when suffering from weakness, blood-spitting, pus filled sputum, night sweats, chills, fever, constipation, loss of flesh, painful lungs, distressing cough, wasted bodies, loss of hope and strength, full of despair. Aren't these terribly true symptoms of dreaded consumption?

When these same patients, after a few months' use of Aicsol (Lloyd), report that they ARE CURED, strong, able to work, have not an ache or pain, happy, full of praise for this marvelous treatment, it's time for you to be interested. The sworn testimony of just such remarkable results with names and addresses of these patients will be sent you. If you are not sick, cut out this ad, and send to some sufferer, or send us the name of such sufferers. All correspondence strictly confidential. Tomorrow is just so much time lost. Don't delay. WRITE TODAY AND SIMPLY SAY:—SEND ME PROOF. ACT NOW by addressing LLOYD CHEMICAL CORPORATION, 571 LLOYD BUILDING, ST. LOUIS, MO.

DOES WHAT MANY DOCTORS CANNOT DO

Prof. Samuels, a Wichita, Kansas, Scientist, Has a Strange Method of Treatment, and Succeeds in Many Cases which Medical Men Pronounce Hopeless.

SCIENCE SCORES A NOTABLE VICTORY!

Tuberculosis, Bright's Disease, Epilepsy, Blindness, Catarrh, Heart Disease, Dropsy, Cataracts, and Many Other Diseases which the Ordinary Practitioner Regards as Incurable, Yield Promptly to Prof. Samuel's Wonderful Treatment, and His Success

IS AN ACKNOWLEDGED MARVEL OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY!

Many of Prof. Samuel's Patients, when Interviewed Concerning His Treatment, Declare It to Be Almost Miraculous in Its Effects, and Avow That He Is the Only Man Who Is Capable of

SAVING MANY WHOM THE DOCTORS SAY MUST DIE!

WICHITA, Kas.—There is nothing in all the world that is more strange and wonderful than the achievements of science, and this seems to have been amply verified of late through the remarkable work being accomplished by Professor Samuels, an eminent scientist, of Wichita, Kas.

No doubt Professor Samuels' extraordinary achievements have aroused unusual notice because he has been doing things which another class of learned men have tried to make us believe could not be done. From our earliest recollection we have been assured by the doctors that such diseases as consumption, Bright's disease, epilepsy, blindness, etc., were beyond human skill; that palliative treatment in such cases was all that we could expect from the medical practitioner; but to refute all these carefully nurtured theories here comes Professor Samuels with the announcement that he has a scientific treatment which enables him to restore to health many of those suffering from these ills, and to prove that his statements are true he proceeds to relieve scores upon scores of these very cases—the kind the doctors would have us believe are hopelessly incurable.

As might naturally be expected this has made the doctors very bitter against Professor Samuels. Seeing their own glory dimmed by his achievements, they have arrayed themselves against him in the hope that they may be able to divert the people from his highly successful method of treatment; they have gone on the housetops and shouted "Quack!" and "Charlatan!" and "Fake!" in the hope of frightening away the sufferers who fain would escape an untimely grave; they have even caused his arrest on numerous occasions because, not being a man of their own faulty creed, he holds no medical diploma. But despite these acts of injustice and these spiteful persecutions it is noteworthy that Professor Samuels, according to testimonials of his patients, is constantly increasing the number of his wonderful cures. Prosecutions at the instance of jealous physicians have in every case resulted in failure, because those who say they have been cured have come to his rescue and have shown that he has done what medical men have utterly failed to do. Men and women believed to have stood upon the brink of the grave have gone into court hale and strong, to become living witnesses as to his marvelous ability to relieve consumption, epilepsy, Bright's disease and many other ills which doctors admit are beyond their power to cure. Is it to be wondered at that the malicious work of his enemies should be shorn of its expected fruits under such circumstances? Where could a jury be found that would convict a man of a crime when his only offense had been to relieve the blind, the halt and lame, and assist the enfeebled consumptive to grow strong in the full vigor of health, or the pitiable epileptic to cast off his yoke of affliction?

It is doubtful if another man could be found in all this wide world who has done for afflicted humanity greater deeds of helpfulness than this resourceful scientist, Professor Samuels. It matters not whether he holds a diploma from some medical college; it matters not that his methods of treatment differ widely from those employed by the regular schools. The fact that he has in his scientific researches, found a means of bringing health and strength to those whom the doctors cannot cure should be sufficient to entitle him to the fullest measure of public confidence and honest approval. And that the public has recognized the wonderful merit of his treatment, and has given him its confidence and patronage, is substantially attested by the great numbers who come or send to him for treatment; and as a large percentage of the cases thus treated claim to be permanently cured it is but natural that his fame should steadily increase and that the medical profession should become alarmed over his great success.

Professor Samuels' unique method of treatment is almost certain to invite skepticism from those of unprogressive minds because it differs radically from the methods employed by physicians and because few people, even among the medical fraternity, are able to understand it. The remedial agents employed are, of course, Professor Samuels' own secret; but it is the manner of their administration which confuses and dumfounds the people. This treatment, consisting simply of the application daily for a few weeks of a few drops of a colorless, odorless liquid to the eyes, established a new departure in therapeutics. There are no powerful or poisonous drugs introduced into the stomach; none of the usual drastic methods of procedure employed; just the simple and unheard-of means of infusing life and vigorous health to the enfeebled organs through the nerve centers—a novel method of absorption which, as the testimonials of his patients attest, rejuvenates the entire system and restores it to its normal functional activity and power. Strange as his method of treatment seems to be, its efficiency is founded upon the simplest scientific elements, and its success in the supposedly incurable diseases indicates that Professor Samuels has completely outdistanced all other medical experts and scientists in his researches, establishing a new departure in therapeutics which bids fair to completely revolutionize the old-time theories now in vogue. As matters stand today, as far as we know Professor Samuels is the only man in the world who knows this strange and marvelous secret, and is the only man who can offer any reliable assurance that sufferers from consumption, epilepsy, Bright's disease and these other maladies regarded as incurable may be restored to health; but his phenomenal success has pointed the way to other scientists in search of life's great truths, and the time will no doubt come when the regular doctor will be compelled to change his code of ethics in order to gain the confidence of afflicted humanity. But until that era dawns Professor Samuels, it is believed, will stand alone as the undisputed champion of a new art in medical healing; the one man to whom the sufferer from the great white plague and other deadly diseases may come with a reasonable hope of being brought out of the shadow of death into the fair sunlight of life.

In his quest for some reliable evidence of Professor Samuels' reputed wonderful cures a representative of the press encountered such an array of confirmatory testimony that he might have found material for a large volume had he so desired. Never in our history as a nation has there been a treatment in medical science that has aroused more enthusiasm and honest fervor among the masses than Professor Samuels' strange treatment has occasioned. As a matter of fact about the only people who were unwilling to ascribe full credit to the great scientist's phenomenal record of results were the doctors, and even some of this class could be fair-minded enough to endorse his method of treatment. Notably among this class were Vere V. Hunt, LL. D. and M. D.., formerly division surgeon of the 'Frisco Railway at Kildare, Okla., and Dr. W. P. Parr, a well-known physician of Wichita, Kas. Dr. Hunt, who had taken Professor Samuels' treatment for an obstinate nervous disorder with great benefit, warmly endorsed the new method of treatment and advanced the prediction that wonderful results would accrue from its application in the future, when its real value as a therapeutic agent became better known.

Dr. Parr, whose wife states that she has been cured by Professor Samuels of hay fever and a complication of diseases that had made her an invalid for years, and had found no relief in the remedies prescribed by members of his own profession, had this to say: "Many people refuse to take Professor Samuels' treatment because they do not understand it. Neither do I understand how putting a few drops of clear liquid into the eyes can effect such wonderful results; but it surely does, and that is sufficient. I know my wife was in a fearful condition in July, 1902. I know that her health generally was very bad for many years. I know she took Professor Samuels' treatment after all methods of cure had been tried, and I know that she is in better health every way than she has been for twenty years." Perhaps many other physicians, had they as full a knowledge of its virtues as Dr. Parr, would be honest enough to give proper credit to Professor Samuels' wonderful method of treatment, but "there are none so blind as those who will not see," and it looks as though most of the doctors are trying very hard not to see what this great scientist is doing.

However, the interviewer found that Professor Samuels was in no sense dependent upon the endorsement or cooperation of the medical fraternity. Written testimonials on file in the office of the professor show there are hundreds of men and women who have tried every means of cure the doctors could devise without having received any specific benefit, and they have gone to Professor Samuels and found health as a result of his treatment. For the benefit of our readers, who we believe will welcome as much information on this subject as can be obtained, we have secured the testimony of several of Professor Samuels' former patients, which certainly makes interesting reading.

Mr. Joe Wetherholt, better known as "Blind Joe," for many years a vender of peanuts and popcorn on the streets of Topeka, Kas., in his testimonial states that he had been totally blind for ten years. Every form of treatment within his means had been tried to no purpose, and his case was regarded as hopelessly incurable. He finally was induced to take treatment from Professor Samuels, and at the end of four months his sight was restored.

Mr. Frank Hoff, at present engaged in business at 249 North Main street, Wichita, Kas., in his testimonial states that he had been told by his physicians that he could live but a short time. He had been treated by one of the most skilled specialists in Brooklyn, N. Y., and by other eminent medical men, and they held out no hope to him. He was afflicted with that dread disease consumption, and it was believed he was beyond human aid. He was very low when Professor Samuels began treating him, but he began to improve at once and was ultimately restored to health. He is now a strong, robust man, weighing 240 pounds, and declares that he owes his life to Professor Samuels, which is unquestionably true.

The case of Mr. C. C. Miller, residing near Hutchinson, Kas., who for years had suffered untold agony from hemorrhage of the kidneys and various complications of that dire malady, is another example of the almost miraculous results of Professor Samuels' strange treatment. Mr. Miller in his testimonial states that he had tried every remedy suggested by his medical advisers without obtaining relief, and at last, hearing of Professor Samuels' wonderful cures, decided to take his treatment. At that time he was in a deplorably enfeebled and emaciated condition, weighing only 118 pounds, and was almost without hope. Six months after beginning the treatment he was absolutely restored to health, weighed 155 pounds, and has had no recurrence of his trouble. Mr. Miller has lived in the vicinity of Hutchinson since 1877, is a man of high integrity, and his endorsement of Professor Samuels' method of cure should be regarded as the strongest kind of proof of its merit and reliability. In fact the greater number of the professor's patients are of a class whose testimony cannot be discounted, and perhaps this has been one of the main reasons why his fame has spread so rapidly and brought so many of the afflicted to his office for treatment.

Mr. George Hartman, living at 211 North Meridian street, Wichita, Kas., in his testimonial states he had what some physicans pronounced Bright's disease and others diabetes. Various doctors—among them his family physician—had given him up to die. He was so weak he could hardly walk. About this time he heard of Professor Samuels and placed himself in Professor Samuels' care, and showed change for the better in a few weeks. He states that at the end of ten months he felt just as well as he ever did, and claims he is absolutely cured and has never had a recurrence of the trouble.

Mrs. J. T. Williamson, who resides at 200 B street West, Hutchinson, Kas., in her testimonial states she was almost on the verge of the grave with consumption and nervous trouble, and that for nearly twenty-two years she was seriously afflicted with St. Vitus' dance in addition to tuberculosis. She states that a leading physician had pronounced her incurable, and that she would die and be buried with the falling of the leaves in autumn. As a last resort she turned to Professor Samuels, and after starting his treatment she says she had only one hemorrhage of the lungs and began to improve. In a short time, she states, she was able to do her own work, and that she recently had her lungs examined by a doctor, who pronounced them absolutely sound and well.

Mrs. H. J. Burroughs, living at Collins, Ia., and who in her testimonial said she had a serious case of heart trouble, in a recent letter to Professor Samuels states: "I have not taken a drop of medicine since I began your treatment. Before that I had to take from one to four heart tablets a day. I had dizzy, blind spells, and my heart did not beat regularly at all, but just flutter. Now it beats regularly and does not bother me a bit. I tell every one I talk with of your treatment and what it has done for me."

Mr. C. W. Neel, living at Broken Arrow, Okla., in his testimonial says he had a very bad case of rheumatism. Writing Professor Samuels in a recent letter he states as follows: "Thank you, Professor, ten thousand times for your assistance in curing me of that awful rheumatism. I am still hard at work and feeling fine."

Miss Daisy Hubbard, who lives at Alva, Okla., in a recent letter wrote: "For fifteen years I have been subject to epilepsy, and have received treatment from several noted doctors and have failed to receive permanent good." As a last resort she began treatment from Professor Samuels, and now in her testimonial says she has no symptoms of the disease.

Mrs. Louisa Lockhart, living at Washington, Kas., in her testimonial says she had a very bad case of kidney and bladder trouble. She had reached the point where her kidneys and bladder were in an awful condition. In a recent letter to Professor Samuels she states: "After taking your treatment two weeks I was able to do my own housework, which I had not done for months. I took the treatment one month and now I am well in every respect, thanks to your wonderful treatment."

If space permitted, this record of wonderful results might be prolonged indefinitely, for there are hundreds of people throughout the country who have had precisely the same gratifying experience as those we have referred to. All kinds of constitutional and chronic diseases, hay fever, asthma, catarrh, cataracts, etc., are just as successfully treated as consumption, epilepsy, Bright's disease, and the more important maladies that confound and baffle our wisest medical men. Professor Samuels' treatment is unquestionably the new Source of Hope; and, what is more, it is available to all classes of people who may be menaced by any of these deadly diseases from which the ordinary practitioner cannot rescue them. Professor Samuels is a humanitarian as well as a gifted scientist, and has kept his charges within the reach of every man and woman who may need his treatment; and if any reader of this journal is in need of his counsels, or has lost faith in the methods of treatment employed by the less progressive medical fraternity, it will be the part of wisdom for them to get in touch with this great scientist—the one man in the whole world who has proven by his marvelous success that he can bring health and strength to many sufferers whom the doctors are powerless to help. Those who are unable to visit his office, Suite 62 Samuels Building, in Wichita, Kas., should write him for his "Message of Facts," relative to his wonderful treatment. They can rest assured that his treatment will be administered in the same manner as if they were under his personal treatment.

One thing is certain: Professor Samuels has originated a wonderful treatment—one that has been proven to possess absolute merit; and his unselfishness in placing it within reach of afflicted humanity, when he might command almost fabulous prices for his treatment, is to be commended in the highest terms.

How Gold May Be Distilled.

Investigations of a French chemist show that gold in the electric furnace boils freely at a temperature of 2,400 degrees centigrade. In two or three minutes, it is said, from 100 to 150 grams of gold pass into the state of vapor. In condensing upon a cold body this golden vapor forms filiform masses and cubic crystals. At its temperature of ebullition gold dissolves a little carbon which, at the time of resolidification, is deposited in the form of graphite.

In an alloy of gold and copper, copper distills first. In an alloy of gold and tin the tin distills more abundantly than the gold, and when a large quantity of these mixed vapors is taken the tin burns on contact with the oxygen of the air, forming oxide of tin, colored purple by a fine dust of condensed gold. This is one method of preparing the color known as "purple of Cassius."

One Suggestion.

"Any suggestions as to the music for the dinner tonight?"

"Well, play something loud with the soup course. You understand?"

Nature's Remedy for

CONSTIPATION

Zaegel's Essence, made of roots and herbs, is a remarkable medicine which affects the entire system. It tones up the stomach and creates an appetite; works on the liver and has a mild, continuous effect upon the bowels, thus cleaning out the entire system. It makes rich blood, regulates heart and kidneys and rids the body of all waste matter. It is also an excellent remedy for malaria fever.

These roots and herbs have proven a wonderful remedy for Rheumatism, backache, headache and nervous diseases peculiar to women.

Zaegel's Essence is guaranteed under the Pure Food Law to be free from morphine, opium, cocaine or other harmful drugs. It is not a secret patent medicine, but is made of Roots and Herbs, the names of which are on every package.

ZAEGEL'S
Z
ESSENCE
A LIFE PRESERVER

Remember, constipation brings on more sickness than all other causes combined and that Zaegel's Essence is nature's remedy for it.

One package of roots and herbs with full directions how to prepare the medicine at home, will be mailed to any address on receipt of 35 cents.

If you want the essence already prepared send one dollar for three 50 cent bottles. We send the extra 50 cent bottle **free** to offset express charges. Address all orders to

M. R. ZAEGEL & CO., Chemists,
Sheboygan, Wis., P. O. Box 379

BOYS! GIRLS! Sell 8 sets of Puzzles at 25c each; send us $1; keep $1. Address PUZZLE COMPANY, NORWALK, CONN.

MINSTREL SHOW BOOK FULL of FUN, comic songs, end men's jokes, conundrums, dialogues, stump speeches, funny lectures, plantation sketches, negro songs, dances, banjo solos & marches. Largest, best collection minstrel wit published. Just to introduce, we will send this book and a year's subscription to Everyday Life for 30c. EVERYDAY LIFE, Dept. 401 CHICAGO

DRINK HABIT absolutely cured in 3 days, also Method for giving secretly. Guaranteed lifelong cure. **Successful after all others fail. Gentle, pleasant,** harmless; for steady or periodical (spree) drinker. **Genuine home Treatment**, medically indorsed; legions of testimonials. Valuable Book, plain wrapper, **free, postpaid.**
EDW. J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Ave., 350 M, New York, N. Y.

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HELP WANTED

WANTED—Railway Mail Clerks, Custom House and Internal Revenue employees. $800 to $1,500. Spring examinations everywhere. Write for list of places and dates. Coaching free. Franklin Institute, Dept. E-31, Rochester, N. Y.

Join a Brass Band

Everybody Invited

Here is a great opportunity for everybody who wishes to get ahead—who wishes to fully enjoy life and make good money in a pleasant way. Write to us today and let us tell you our great plan whereby you become a member of a brass band. A great national movement is being made to put a brass band in every locality or reorganize the old brass band. Write today—just send your name and address. Let us tell you all about our brass band plan and quote you special prices on all band instruments. You should get started anyway. The one who gets the start with his own instrument has the best chance.

Humanatone FREE! The Humanatone is the delightful novelty musical instrument. We explain fully how you may get one free just for giving us a little information. So write today. Get our free catalogs, booklet and a blank for you to fill out, and just as soon as you send us the information we want we will send you positively free the new musical instrument, the Humanatone. Write today. Just say: "Please send me your free catalog and booklet and explain how I may get a Humanatone free." Then sign your name and address. DO THIS TODAY.

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The Runaway Wife;

Or, The Trail of Vengeance

(A Story of the Panama Canal and a Long Chase Through South America)

By ADRIENNE ROUCOLLE

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Begun in No. 1, Jan. 7. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VII.

FORCING OBEDIENCE.

HARKLESS had passed a most uneasy night, haunted as he was by the thought of the possible tragedy at the Villa del Rosa. He arose early and purchased a paper, looking eagerly at the headlines. Nothing of unusual character greeted his searching eye, then he realized that even if a double crime had been committed during the night, the news could not have possibly reached the city. He ate his breakfast in silence, then hurried out, going at once to the place of meeting of his assistant. Neither had been there that morning, and he was forced to still his impatience as best he could until the hour of his appointment with Dioneza, straining his ears as he waited for the possible call of "Extra" in the streets. Nothing, and the minutes passed with maddening slowness.

Five minutes before the appointed time he was knocking at Dioneza's door. Garcia opened it, saying as he admitted Harkless to the room:

"Senor Dioneza is still busy. Be seated."

He took the offered chair and waited, somewhat relieved. At least the Spaniard had returned. If there had been a crime, it had not been followed by the suicide he had half expected. He was not long kept waiting, as Dioneza entered almost immediately, two letters in his hand. With a short bow to the detective, who was scanning his face anxiously, he turned to Garcia, with the order, given in Spanish:

"Take these letters to their addresses, and don't return until they have been delivered, even if you have to go a hundred times before finding the party."

The servant bowed, took the letters without a word and left the room. Dioneza then leisurely rolled a cigarette, as he took a seat facing the detective, then he asked between two puffs of smoke:

"The two men you have with you, employed on my case, are thoroughly reliable and unusually clever, are they not?"

"They are," answered Harkless. "I trust them as I would myself."

"I am glad to hear it, as, for the next few weeks, I shall have confidential work enough for the three of you."

Harkless looked the question he dared not ask, and Dioneza, in answer to the unspoken inquiry, handed him several closely written sheets of paper, saying:

"Here are my instructions. I count upon you to see that they are carried out to the letter."

"They shall be," answered the bewildered Harkless, and seeing that Dioneza drew out his watch and looked at the time, he arose, asking: "Is there anything further?"

"No. Report every morning at the usual hour."

Harkless left the presence of the strange man in the state of the most utter bewilderment. Not one word of comment on the interview of the night before, only those mysterious instructions he held in his hand! Pushed by curiosity, he paused in the middle of the sidewalk and began reading the closely written pages, his face, as he read, expressing greater astonishment and perplexity. When he finished reading he folded the papers thoughtfully and put them in his pocket, then walked rapidly to the general meeting place, it being near the time when his assistants were supposed to make their daily reports. He found Smith waiting for him, Martin coming in a few minutes later. For over two hours the three men worked, studying out the ways and means of carrying out Dioneza's wishes, then dividing the work equally among themselves.

While this was happening in the city, in the Villa del Rosa another scene was being enacted. After the departure of the husband, and when the lovers had had time to recover from their terror and surprise, a stormy scene had occurred, in which the woman had accused her lover of having deceived her with protests of love he did not feel, to which he had brutally answered that a woman who yields lightly to the pleadings of a man, need not ever hope to bear that man's name, if he is in the least anxious to preserve its honor. Then had followed a terrible scene, during which, had Anita found a weapon within reach of her hand, Cabrenoza's life would have paid the forfeit. Its very violence soon overpowered the frail woman, and the storm of angry reproaches was followed by a fit of convulsive weeping, which, in relieving the overwrought nerves, used up her last remaining strength. Cabrenoza had left her in this state, saying it was to be forever, and the girl-woman had remained the rest of the awful night on the divan, too weak to move, too crushed to think, an occasional sob tearing her bosom, while her eyes remained feverishly hot and dry, the source of her tears having been spent in the first passionate outburst of weeping.

When Inez returned in the early hours of the morning, she found her mistress in the same place, gazing with wide open eyes straight before her. The maid, alarmed by the sight, hastened to Anita and spoke to her several times before the young woman returned to reality. When she finally did so, she leaped to her feet with a smothered cry, saying in hurried, breathless tones:

"Pack my trunks at once! We leave immediately!"

Too alarmed to question the order or ask for its cause, Inez obeyed, and soon the two women were busy packing the trunks, Anita throwing dresses and clothes in a haphazard fashion in the trunks, heedless of their condition at the unpacking. While they were thus engaged, the door bell rang and Inez, looking up, said:

"Some one at the door, senora?"

"I don't care. I don't want to see any one. Finish packing and never mind the bell."

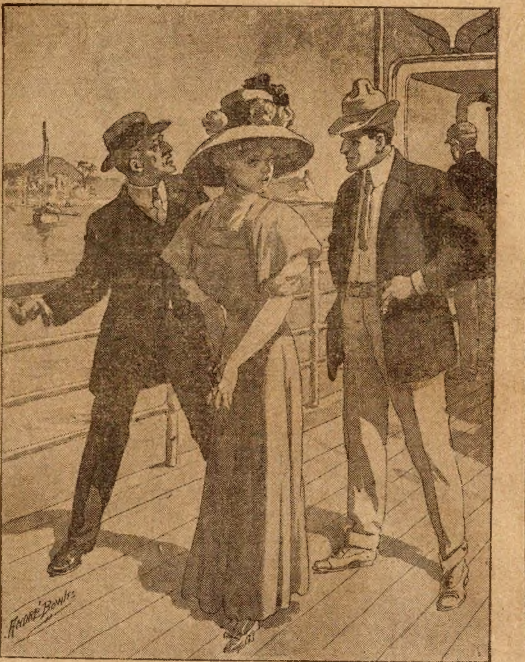
But it rang again and again almost without ceasing, until finally Anita ordered nervously:

"Go tell them to stop!"

Inez obeyed, returning the next minute with a letter, which she handed Anita, saying:

"It was a special messenger with a letter for you, senora."

Anita started, becoming livid as she



"It is the hospital."

SHE HAD CONSTANT PAIN

Until Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Dewittville, N.Y.—"Before I started to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I suffered nearly all the time with headaches, backaches, and bearing down pains, and had a continuous pain in my left side. It made me sick if I tried to walk much, and my back was so weak that I was obliged to wear corsets all the time. But now I do not have any of these troubles. I have a fine strong baby daughter now, which I did not have before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—MRS. A. A. GILES, Route 44, Dewittville, N.Y.

The above is only one of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which prove beyond a doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, actually does cure these obstinate diseases of women, and that every such suffering woman owes it to herself to at least give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation, or giving up hope of recovery.

Mrs. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health and her advice is free.

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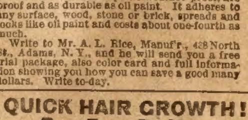

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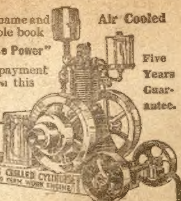

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recognized the handwriting. Her first impulse was to return the letter unopened to the sender, the next, curiosity forced her to open it and read:

"Madam—Your first impulse will be to leave, so as to escape the marriage I am forcing upon you with your unwilling lover, but I trust that you are enough of a Spaniard to wish revenge for the injury received before me last night, when he openly refused to make you his wife. The best revenge you can get is to compel him to right the wrong by giving you the protection of his name. Think this over.

"DIONEZA."

She read the letter over several times, then, sitting amid the scattered finery of her wardrobe, she thought. Dioneza was right, the man for whose sake she had given up everything, husband, home, honor, must right the wrong. In this decision she was as much influenced by her love for the man himself as by Dioneza's advice. If she had suffered so much the night before at the discovery of the shallowness of his own love, it had been because of the depth and passion of hers, and today, as she faced the situation, she realized, with terror, that she loved him still, perhaps more than ever. Had he been to her an ordinary lover, she could have cast him aside for another. But as it was, the breaking of the bonds which united her to him could not take place through a single blow. With a sudden glimmer of joy she realized that a marriage, such as Dioneza demanded, would bind her lover to her with chains which he would find hard to break. Under the impulse of this thought, she arose to her feet, and turning to the wondering Inez, said without a word of explanation:

"I have changed my mind, we do not leave. Unpack the trunks," and she left the room.

While this was taking place at the Villa del Rosa, in Cabrenoza's home in Panama a similar scene was being enacted. The same thought of flight, which had come to the woman, had come to the man. He was foot-loose, therefore the best thing he could do was to travel until the storm had blown over and the angry husband had forgotten his mad idea of revenge. He had, therefore, ordered his man to pack his suit cases, and he himself was dressing previous to his departure for the station when a letter, by special messenger, came to change his plans. The letter from Dioneza read:

"Flight will be useless, you are watched, and no matter where you go I shall find you. I am ready to spend a million dollars on my vengeance, this must tell you that I shall not lack in assistants and helpers of every sort. If you fail to obey my wishes your life will pay the forfeit, but not before I have made you endure the most excruciating tortures, the cunning of which a savage would envy, until you, who so love life, would plead for a death which will take days in coming. Remember that I come of a race that knows how to avenge a wrong."

The note was not signed, but the man who read it knew from whom it came, and he shivered. He certainly loved life, but he feared more the promised tortures than death, for the remembrance of Dioneza's face on the night before told him that threats made by the man were not idle ones. He decided to remain, thinking that the best policy for the present was to outwardly yield, while he had the local police locate his enemy's hiding place. After that he knew he had enough influence to have the man thrown in jail and kept there. This thought brought some quiet to his troubled spirits, and telling his man that he had changed his mind about the trip, he hastened out to carry out his plans for the arrest of Dioneza. Nothing further occurred during the day and the evening. The next morning, however, when he awoke after a quiet night, he found to his surprise and alarm, a note pinned to the coverlet within reach of his hand. It read:

"Useless to try to have me arrested. I have taken my precautions, I can not be found. You may as well make up your mind to obey, for there shall be no quarter."

Frightened, by the fact that his movements the day before had been so faithfully reported to his enemy, Cabrenoza rang for his valet. Questioned about the note, the man swore he knew nothing of it, but Cabrenoza doubting his word, and following the impulse of his anger, discharged the man on the spot in spite of his continued protests of innocence. Later in the morning, as he was walking down a crowded thoroughfare on his way to police headquarters, another note was slipped in his hand, and before he could turn around to see who had given it to him, the man had disappeared. It read:

"The man you dismissed this morning was innocent; I shall prove it to you tomorrow by sending you another note."

The day passed for Cabrenoza in uneasy terror, and retiring early, he decided to spend the night watching. If any one came to deliver the note, he would at least know who it was. The night passed and nothing came to disturb its calm. Relieved, Cabrenoza rang to have his breakfast brought to his room, thinking to lie down and enjoy a few hours' rest until noon. The breakfast was served him according to orders, and with an appetite sharpened by relief and the vigil of the night, he began to eat. Suddenly his heart stood still. There, in his napkin, was a folded paper. Before he opened it he knew from whom it came. Like the notes of the preceding day, it was worded so as to show him the uselessness of the struggle.

After that everywhere he went the mysterious notes followed him—on the streets, in the cafes, at the theaters, everywhere, and as the days went on they became more and more menacing. The reign of terror under which he was laboring soon began to tell on the man's face, and his family and friends began making anxious inquiries, to which he replied that he was not feeling as well as usual, yet he refused to call a doctor.

He had not seen Anita since the tragic night, then he received an order from his mysterious enemy to formally call on the young woman and begin his courtship, as a divorce, granted in the United States, made her a free woman, and that the second marriage was soon to take place. So completely cowed and subdued was he that he dared not disobey the order, and that afternoon he drove out in a private carriage, as he had been ordered.

The interview between the lovers was somewhat strained and embarrassed, though the charm of the woman's beauty and the power of her magnetism resumed their sway over the man, to a degree, and returning home an hour later, he caught himself wondering why he so rebelled against an order which would give him complete possession of this peerless woman.

Thus passed the days and the haunted nights, with Cabrenoza vainly struggling against his fate, which, though it would give him Anita, would ruin his political future, estrange him from his family, cut him off from his church, which would not sanction a marriage to a divorced person. The local police had been unable to locate Dioneza, while Harkless and his assistants had not ceased to harass the victim.

One week before the time set for the strange marriage, Cabrenoza received a final order, setting the day and the hour, but leaving him free to have the marriage public or private as he wished. Then followed a detailed description of the tortures which would be inflicted should the order be disregarded. After that the notes ceased altogether, Dioneza being sure that his victim was thoroughly under the sway of a nameless terror, which daily became greater and more overpowering.

He was not mistaken. After a last bitter struggle, Cabrenoza decided in favor of the marriage, preferring the shame and scandal it would cause to the frightful fate which awaited him if he disobeyed, not being man enough to kill himself and end it all. On the appointed day the guilty pair were married, one having yielded to Dioneza's will because of wounded pride, coupled to a lingering love, the other through cowardly fear.

CHAPTER VIII.

FLIGHT.

Cabrenoza had taken, as he thought, every precaution to have his marriage to Anita as private and as secret as possible, and he hoped that for a few days, at least, it would not be noised about, giving him time to think out some way to weather the scandal which was sure to follow. He had not counted on the ever-watchful Dioneza.

The day after the wedding the morning paper, which was politically opposed to Cabrenoza, came out with glaring headlines, under which, following the news of the marriage, came a detailed account of the bride's past, her life as a Spanish dancer in London concert halls and French "Cafe Chantants," her marriage to a Spanish gentleman and his recent divorce on the grounds of infidelity and desertion, the whole shameful story of the woman's sin being given in detail.

Carlos, who had been up late the night before, ordered his valet to have his breakfast served in his room and the morning mail brought to him, intending to remain in bed until noon. After reading the half-dozen letters, mostly invitations, which had been brought him, he opened the morning paper.

For an instant, as he saw the headlines, he thought he was dreaming, but reading farther, he was soon convinced that he was facing a grim reality, that of disgrace and shame to his name. He leaped to his feet, the blood of anger coloring his swarthy cheeks with crimson. Calling his valet, who had already read the article and who was waiting for the outburst, he ordered the man to help him dress, swearing in furious impatience at the seeming slowness of the operation, not realizing that his own angry gestures were the cause of the delay. He was only partly dressed when his aunt, forgetting her usual languor, burst in the room.

"Did you read?" she cried, breathlessly.

"Yes," replied Carlos, becoming calmer at the sight of her own excitement, "and I am going to make the writer of those lies take them back or take the consequences!"

"Where is your father? He should go with you," suggested Senora Essilva.

Carlos had not thought of that. Turning to his valet, he ordered: "Notify my father that I must see him at once."

The man hurried away and Carlos added reassuringly to his aunt:

"There is no cause for alarm, the whole thing is only a political lie."

"I wish I could think so," replied she, in discouraging tones.

Carlos, who was tying his tie, turned from the mirror, facing her with suddenly blanched face.

"What do you mean?"

"Do you remember the woman at the theater, the one he wanted me to take under my social protection?"

"Yes?"

"She is the woman the paper claims he has married. I remember the name—Anita Mendoza."

"Are you sure?" Carlos' throat was dry. "Could it be possible?" he thought in anguish.

His valet, returning at this moment with the announcement that Cabrenoza had not retired the night before, seemed to answer in the affirmative, yet he did not want to believe, he must be sure, absolutely sure.

"See, he is not here?" remarked the aunt, as she dropped to a seat, too crushed to rebel against the horror and disgrace of it all.

"He may have read the paper before us, and has gone on a similar errand to the one on which I am going," answered Carlos, who, being younger, was trying to hope in spite of it all.

Being fully dressed by this time he bade his aunt a hasty good-by and was soon out in the streets, on which, as he hurried along, he noticed that many a passer-by paused to give him a curious glance, this telling him that already the shameful story had been read by thousands. Arriving at the newspaper's office, he expected to be refused admittance, and was preparing to enforce his demand, when, to his surprise, the reporter, to whom he made known his wish of seeing the editor, replied politely:

"The editor-in-chief is waiting for you in his private office, third door to the left, Mr. Cabrenoza."

More frightened by this answer than he would have been by the most brutal refusal of admittance, the young man walked on, the whirling conflict of thoughts in his brain causing him to stagger as he walked. Before the door he paused for a second to collect himself. The hot anger of the first moment had given place to a sickening fear. If it were true then! Then, ashamed of his weakness, he knocked resolutely.

"Come in," called a voice from within.

He entered. Seated before the desk was the editor, on another chair nearby was another man, his face showing hard and stern in the light of the morning sunshine. Farther back, half-concealed by the semi-shadow of the corner in which he stood,

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And I put it in John's supper
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(And cried some, too, I guess),
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And soon he's as well as any one,
It makes me cry to think!
Just makes me cry for gladness,
I'm so proud to be his wife—
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And leads a nice, new life

"Since John he quit a-drinking!"
I can't say it times enough!
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was still another man, who, from the moment young Carlos stepped into the room, did not lose sight of him for a moment, watching every one of his movements, ready to spring upon him should his anger get the better of his judgment.

"Will you take a chair?" said the editor, with an assurance he was far from feeling.

"No," answered Carlos with difficulty, the dryness of his mouth making talking hard, "I came for an explanation."

"About this morning's article?"

"Yes."

"There is no explanation to give, my paper gave nothing but facts."

"It is a lie!" cried Carlos, leaping forward only to find himself pulled gently back by the man from the corner, of whose presence he was not as yet aware.

"Don't get excited," said the man half pityingly. "You will be given proofs."

"Proofs!" Carlos turned, more surprised by that word than by the unexpected interference.

"Yes, proofs," answered the editor. "Please examine these papers, which are sworn copies of the legal documents they represent."

Dazed, like a man walking in his sleep, Carlos took the papers, and his wild eyes went over the legal forms, grasping the details at a glance, used as he was to this sort of reading. The papers were the marriage license and the record thereof of Anita's marriage to Dioneza, then his divorce from her, and lastly the marriage of the day before to his father, duly signed and legal. Carlos' hand closed convulsively on the papers, crushing them unconsciously, his eyes, made large with sudden anguish, going from the pitying face of the editor to the equally pitying one of the man beside him, then to the unchanged and coldly indifferent one of the man seated by the desk.

"Can it be possible?" he asked hoarsely.

In a flash the disgrace of it all came upon him. His father's wife, the one who now bore the name his mother had graced with her virtues, was a common woman, a creature of the streets. Suddenly in the bitterness of his anguish, he cried:

"Why did you publish this? Why not come to me and ask me any price for my silence. I would have given it, even if it had taken half, nay, the whole of my fortune!"

The man, who until then had been a silent witness of the scene, now spoke, answering for the editor, who had looked questioningly at him as though asking for instructions.

"I will tell you the reason, Senor Cabrenoza. This newspaper is my property since yesterday, and I am the divorced husband of your father's wife, the one from whom he stole his bride, the one whose name he has disgraced when he induced a weak and foolish woman to forget her duties and become his mistress."

Carlos started back, crushed by the blow. The hard, metallic voice falling on his ear and the words it pronounced showed him that the honor of his family name, that name of which he was so proud, was doomed. He staggered beneath the blow and Dioneza continued:

"This must tell you that there is to be no quarter, no mercy. I warn you in advance that this morning's article is to be followed by many others which will expose the whole of your father's past. Tomorrow we shall give the exact cause of your mother's death."

"My mother!" Carlos leaped forward with blazing eyes. "You will not dare to drag her name in this shameful affair!"

"I most certainly shall, but have no fear, I shall not soil her memory in the least, for I am to prove that she was the victim of her present successor and the husband she so loved."

"What do you mean?" hoarsely demanded Carlos.

"I mean that I have proofs that the late Mrs. Cabrenoza killed herself because of her husband's infidelity with and infatuation for the Spanish dancer, Anita Mendoza!"

"Impossible! My mother died through the carelessness of a maid, who gave her an overdose of a sleeping potion."

Dioneza took a paper from the editor's desk and handed it to Carlos without a word. Tremblingly the young man took it, and as his eyes saw the writing, his face, pale as it was, became livid. It was a note in his mother's handwriting. For an instant the blur of emotion which passed before his eyes faded the written lines so that he could not read, the next, by a powerful effort, he crushed back his feelings, and read:

"To Ricardo Cabrenoza, at the Tampa Bay Hotel—I have at last tracked you down and I know all. Last night I secured positive proofs of your treason, and I cannot outlive the blow. I die by my own hand, and in dying call the curse of Heaven on your head and that of your fellow sinner, Anita Mendoza.

"MARIA CABRENOZA."

Carlos read the terrible note over twice, then asked in broken tones:

"Where did you get this?"

"From the files of the coroner's inquest. You surely remember your mother died in the United States while on a visit to Tampa, Florida. The detectives I have employed on my case have secured it for me."

"How does it come that the truth of the case was never given to the public?"

"Your father is rich, and on that occasion spent his money freely."

"So he knows that his present wife was the direct cause of my mother's death?" With each question Carlos was becoming calmer as his face became set and stern.

"He certainly does."

Carlos read his dead mother's letter over again, then handed it back to Dioneza with words said in sudden resolution:

"I am glad you showed me this. I shall not interfere further with your vengeance, no matter what you do. Be my mother's avenger; do not spare the guilty, even if you must, with the same blow, crush the innocent," and he was gone, leaving the three listeners dumfounded and deeply moved.

Reaching his home, Carlos ordered his belongings packed and removed at once from his father's house, taking up his quarters at one of the clubs of which he was a member. To his aunt he refused to give further explanation than that everything was now over between his father and himself, and that he would do nothing to stop the scandal. Senora Essilva wanted him to leave Panama with her daughters and herself, to which he replied sternly:

"Do as you please, but if you take my advice you will remain, and by your stand show your disapproval. Everybody must know that his family does not uphold him, and flight in this case could be construed as a tacit approval. Stay in Panama, but close your door on him and on her."

Senora Essilva had followed the advice, giving orders that her brother was not to be admitted under any circumstance. In this resolution she was thoroughly upheld both by the church and by society, and after a few days, she was made to feel that she had the sympathy of everybody without the ill will of any one.

The article of the second day, in which was published the letter of the dead wife, created even greater stir than had the sensational marriage. Cabrenoza's name was on every lip, he and the woman were the subject of every conversation. Political enemies made capital of the scandal, and soon the one who the week before could have ran with a fair chance of success for the Presidency itself, could not have secured a dozen votes in the whole republic. The different clubs to which he belonged, asked for his resignation, intimate friends sought to excuse themselves by saying they had no idea of the man's real character, adding that, now that they knew, all friendship had ceased.

Cabrenoza, hiding with the half frantic Anita in the Villa del Rosa, saw everything and every one abandon him at once—honor, power, respectability, his son, his sister, his friends! Each of the lashing articles of the paper which had undertaken his ruin, threw him in a powerless rage, and the young wife was made to bear the full force of his anger. Instead of words of love and tenderness, she was given reproaches and curses, for, man-like, he blamed her for everything. She tried to quiet him, but in vain. The days passed in grim despair, the nights in sleepless anguish. He tried several times to find Dioneza and end the torment by a death, but always his enemy escaped him.

From the first Anita had advised flight, the leaving behind of the past and the starting anew of another life, far from those who knew of their fault. Stubbornly Cabrenoza had refused, hoping in spite of all that something would turn up to save him. But after he had been cut by most of his former friends, after he had been publicly disowned by his son, refused admittance to his sister's home, he realized the uselessness of the struggle, and proceeded in as quiet a manner as possible to put in ready money all of his possessions in Panama, selling everything for about one-fifth its actual value, little dreaming that it was his enemy's money that was being used to take up the bargains he offered.

Then one morning Panama was startled, and Carlos, relieved by the news that the guilty pair had left for parts unknown. After that Cabrenoza's name ceased to figure on the front page of the paper which had ruined his character forever, and the paper itself was resold to its former owners, Dioneza no longer seen in its office or in the streets, while Harkless took hasty leave of his daughter, leaving her to the care of her aunt, and departing himself, so he told them, on an exploration trip through South America.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FUGITIVES.

It was with a feeling of intense relief that, from the porthole of her cabin, where she and Cabrenoza had retired immediately after entering the steamer, Anita watched Panama recede from her view as the vessel threaded its way out into the ocean through Panama Bay. The vista of cone-shaped, green-clad mountains, rising sheer out of the water, became smaller and smaller until they appeared like mere gopher mounds on the prairie, before they entirely disappeared. In the joy of the moment of freedom, Anita threw her arms about Cabrenoza's neck, crying with the fervor of her youth and temperament:

"We are saved, Ricardo!"

"I wish I could think so," gloomily replied the man, a dark frown on his brow, thinking of all he was leaving behind in this forced and disgraceful flight.

But she was not to be rebuffed by his short answer, she was determined to win him back, to gain once more the sway of love she had exercised over him in the past. So, bringing into play all the arts of her coquetry, all the power of her magnetism, she finally chased the frown from the clouded brow and brought, with returning hope, the smile to the drooping lips.

"You must think so," she had answered, as her lips sought his in a lingering kiss, which thrilled through the man's morose disappointment and selfish suffering. "I am sure no one followed us, beside, who could recognize under my blonde wig the dark-haired Anita, or in your smooth-shaven face the full-bearded Cabrenoza? No, believe me, we are saved, we are free, and we are going to be happy! You will see how my love will make you forget what you have lost through me, and in another country, under an assumed name, we will again begin life together where love will bring us contentment and bliss.

She was so alluringly beautiful as she spoke thus, her voice contained such persuasion, that Cabrenoza's regrets became less bitter, then finally vanished altogether. All was not lost since love was left. Thus they calmed themselves in their deceitful security, while, cutting a rapid furrow in the sea back of them, a fleet-going launch was hourly gaining upon the slower steamer.

Through the first days of the voyage, in spite of the disagreeable heat of the cabin, they spent the greater part of the time indoors, fearing to meet in the crude light of day the eyes of their fellow passengers. They came on deck only after the shadows of night had settled over sky and water.

But Anita soon realized that this close confinement was not conducive in making her more attractive to the man whose love she wanted to regain at any cost. Too close companionship, when the souls and the intellects are not properly mated, brings with it a monotony which palls on the nerves. Cabrenoza's selfish nature needed ceaseless variety and amusement. She must give it to him at any risk. For that reason as they neared Guayaquil, she insisted that they go on deck and witness the landing.

"Do you think it safe?" asked he eagerly, anxious to break the monotony of their penned-in existence, but too afraid of recognition to dare suggest a change.

"Perfectly; besides, if there is any danger as well face it now as later; we cannot always remain in the cabin."

(Continued on page fourteen.)

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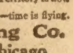

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PASTOR RUSSELL'S SERMON

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PASTOR RUSSELL

A large audience at once intelligent and inspiring to its speaker, greeted Pastor Russell today in Omaha's principal Auditorium. His topic was not sensational, although it was extraordinary. Reverently he showed how some of the Bible narratives, true in themselves, were additionally, prophetically, pictures of Divine things. His text was taken from Genesis 24:67, "And Isaac brought Rebecca into his mother Sarah's tent; and she became his wife and he loved her."

Pastor Russell asked his hearers to consider with him Abraham, Isaac and Rebecca as types or fore-pictures of Jehovah. Messiah and the latter's Bride, the saintly Church selected during this Gospel Age from every nation, people, kindred and tongue. Not everything done by typical characters is typical. Although Messiah is known as the second Adam, the deflections of the first Adam are not found in him. Although Abraham typified his Creator, he had blemishes, even though he was the friend of God, and possessed most remarkable faith. He was a type of God in that through his Son blessings would come to the entire race of Adam—in him all the families of the earth would be blessed. Again he typed his Creator in that he offered his son Isaac sacrificially, in order to the carrying out of his project for the blessing of the world. He was a type of God further in the fact that all the nations of earth, finally received back from death, will be known as his children and all of them will receive his blessing and become his sons through his First-Born, the Son of Promise.

Not everything that Isaac did represented Messiah, the antitypical Isaac, Jesus. Only in certain prominent matters was he a type; for instance, his miraculous birth and the fact that he was specially promised as well as specially born. He typified Jesus also in that he was offered in sacrifice by his Father—and apparently with his own consent.

Rebecca typified the Church, not in everything that she did, but in certain leading particulars noted in the Scriptures. Thus Abraham sent his servant (who typified the Holy Spirit) to find a bride for his son. Abraham charged him not to go amongst outsiders and wayfarers, but to secure a bride from amongst those already related to him. The Holy Spirit was sent to the spiritual "little flock" during this Gospel Age to joint-heirship with their Redeemer in his glorious Kingdom, which shortly is to bless Israel and all the families of the earth by making them all children of Abraham—children of God. Thus in the antitype the Holy Spirit does not go to the world to invite unbelievers and lovers of sin to become Christ's joint-heirs in the Kingdom, but, instead, goes to the household of faith—"To you it is given to know the mysteries of the Kingdom of heaven, but to outsiders these things are done in parables."

When Abraham's servant arrived at his destination he sought the will of God in prayer—Divine guidance in determining the one to whom he should make proposal of marriage for Isaac. At a well he met Rebecca. Water in the Scriptures is a symbol of Truth. And Rebecca at the well seems to imply that those called of God to joint-heirship with his Son will be found at the well of Truth. Not only so, but she was willing to give of the water to others, which seems to tell us that the called ones will be as sure thus to do, desirous of doing good and dispensing what Truth they have. Forthwith the servant presented the handmaiden with earrings, symbolizing Divine blessings for the hearing ear. Then he gave her gold bracelets, symbolical of consecration to Divine service. And then came the test—Would she leave her father's house to go to this Isaac, whom she had never seen?

As soon as the decision was made, Abraham's servant, who represented him, gave Rebecca additional jewels of silver and of gold and a fine ring, giving presents also to her brother and her mother. As the gifts of the servant represented God's blessing to those called to joint-heirship with Christ, so these later gifts represent the fact that those who fully consecrate themselves to the Lord and fully accept the Divine invitation, receive then additional blessings of Truth and grace and fine raiment, representing justification.

The journey to Isaac's home represents not only the individual experiences of their lives as they travel on under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, looking forward to the time when they shall meet the Lord, but also of the Church for the past eighteen centuries, approaching and hoping to meet the Bridegroom, and the joys and blessings that will follow when they shall be "forever with Lord," the heavenly Bridegroom.

As Rebecca departed from her home, the good wishes of her kinsfolk were prophetic. They said, "Be thou the mother of thousands of millions." We cannot, indeed, say that the Jews have ever been so multitudinous as this would imply; but when we consider Rebecca from the symbolical standpoint as representing the Bride of Chirst, all is plain. As Adam and Eve were the parents of our race and brought us forth under conditions of sin and death; so it is the Divine arrangement that Christ Jesus, the world's Redeemer, after selecting during this Gospel Age a "little flock," a saintly Bride class, from Jews and Gentiles, shall be the second Adam and his Bride the second Eve. Their work will be the regeneration of Adam and his race—their restoration to human perfection and everlasting life. There will, indeed, be miscarriages and still-births for those who will fail to properly develop under the favorable conditions of Messiah's Mediatorial Kingdom. These, according to the Scriptures, will die the "Second Death"—"twice dead, plucked up by the roots," they shall never have further opportunity.

But during Messiah's reign, as the great spiritual Prince, Adam and every member of his race, redeemed by the precious blood, will have fullest opportunity to come to a clear knowledge of the Truth and to receive the regenerating influences therof. In proportion as they will be responsive to that spirit, to the Truth, the spirit of righteousness, the Spirit of God, they may rise gradually up, up, up to the full perfection of human nature. During the same thousand years of the reign of righteousness and life, the earth, their everlasting home, will be in process of development, making of the whole eventually a Paradise of God, worldwide.

Thus will the Lord pour out his Spirit upon all flesh during the period of Messiah's reign, as he is now, during this Gospel Age, pouring out his Holy Spirit upon His servants and handmaidens, called to be the antitypical Redeemer—"the Bride, the Lamb's Wife."

Look in the Ledger next week for another sermon from Brooklyn's great preacher.

'Twas Ever Thus.

A young man and a young woman lean over the front gate. They are lovers. It is moonlight. He is loath to leave, as the parting is the last. He is about to go away. She is reluctant to see him depart. They swing on the gate.

"I shall never forget you," he says; "and if death should claim me, my last thoughts will be of you."

"I'll be true to you," she sobs. "I'll never see anybody else or love them as long as I live!" They parted.

Six years later he returns. His sweetheart of former years has married. They meet at a party. She has changed greatly; between the dances the recognition takes place.

"Let me see," she muses, with her fan beating a tattoo on her pretty hand, "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart?"

"Really, I don't know," he says; "probably my father."

On the Job.

Mrs. Maude Darrell Hoffman, a pioneer of country-week work, was praising in Hartford the country vacation.

"A country vacation is better than a seashore one," she said. "You see things so much quainter. And the farther into the country you go the quainter become the things you see.

"I once spent August in a village called the Head of Sassafras, a village down in Maryland. The postoffice there was the general store. The morning after my arrival I went to the general store for my mail.

"A little girl preceded me with an egg in her hand.

"'Gimme an egg's worth of tea, please,' I heard her say to the postmaster storekeeper; 'and ma says ye might weigh out an egg's worth of sugar, too, for the black hen's a-cluckin', and I'll be up again in a minute.'"

Too True.

"How much do you love me?"

The beautiful creature at his side looked at him appealingly.

"Do you really want to know?" he asked doubtfully.

"I must know."

"Very well, then. I love you a little more than playing poker, and a little more than my regular business. I love you more after I have had a good dinner and a good cigar than I do before. I love you about half as much as the first girl I ever loved—who was ten years older than I was—and more than I expect to love any one else until I get to be over fifty. I love your extravagancies more than your economies, because they cause me more trouble. I love what I cannot verify in you more than what I know."

"And why," she persisted, "do do you dare to tell me all this—which I know to be true?"

Had Him Tight.

It was in Paris. The loquacious guide was exhibiting to the interested Yankee tourist the tomb of Napoleon with all the customary flourishes of both language and hands.

"This immense sarcophagus," exclaimed the guide, "weighs forty tons! Inside of that, sir, is a steel receptacle weighing twelve tons, and inside of that is a leaden casket, hermetically sealed, weighing over two tons. Inside of that rests a mahogany coffin containing the remains of a great man."

For a moment the Yankee was silent as if in deep meditation. Then he said: "It seems to me that you've got him all right. If he ever gets out cable me at my expense."

What a Jolt!

"I hope you don't mind my asking," said a woman diffidently, "but should I call you professor or doctor?"

"Oh, call me anything you like," was the great man's rejoinder. "Some people call me an old idiot."

"Really?" the lady murmured with sweet innocence. "But then they would be people who knew you intimately."

Of Course Not.

Mistress—Nora, I saw a policeman in the park today kiss a baby. I hope you will remember my objection to such things.

Nora—Sure, ma'am, no policeman would ever think iv kissin' yer baby whin I'm around.

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Mrs. A. Arnott	"	10	"	"	40	"
F. A. Myrick	"	20	"	"	30	"
Philip Drapeau	"	9	"	"	30	"
Mrs S. E. Murray	"	30	"	"	40	"
Mary Bland	"	18	"	"	40	"
W. W. Allis	"	36	"	"	50	"
Wm. Carmichael	"	5	"	"	10	"
Arthur Stewart	"	5	"	"	12	"
Mrs. C. E. Craig	"	13	"	"	30	"
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For purity, age, taste and wholesomeness, we offer this whiskey in competition with any whiskey to be had at any price and we ship it anywhere on order at our personal risk of proving this claim by its actual use. We are prepared to say that there is no whiskey on the market at twice our price, so mellow with age, pure of ingredients, smooth of taste or meritorious throughout. Many years in the distillery business produced for us this straight whiskey of superior quality at a popular price, unequalled anywhere. Why pay more! Could not be sold for less.

Express Charges Paid By Us

8 FULL QUARTS Ullman's Reserve Stock $5.00

4 FULL QUARTS Ullman's Extra Quality $3.00

Free With Order One Minature Bottle Athletic Club Whiskey. One Minature Bottle Dixie Cheer. One Whiskey Glass. One Elegant Corkscrew.

We guarantee the whiskey to be pure straight whiskey and not a blend or compound. Send us your order for as much as you want. After receiving the whiskey test it in any way you choose—drink a bottle or two. If it is not the best whiskey you ever tasted, return to us the unused portion and we will pay the return charges and immediately return your remittance and every cent of it. Now we can't do more than this to convince you that other whiskey is not to be compared with what we offer and when you feel that the whiskey you are using might be better, we urge your trial order on our money back agreement. Any bank or business house here can inform you as to our responsibility. Address remittance and orders to

American Supply Co., Dept. A St. Louis, Mo.

Piles Quickly Cured at Home

Instant Relief, Permanent Cure —Trial Package Mailed Free to All in Plain Wrapper.

Piles is a fearful disease, but easy to cure, if you go at it right.

An operation with the knife is dangerous, cruel, humiliating and unnecessary.

There is just one other sure way to be cured—painless, safe and in the privacy of your own home—it is Pyramid Pile Cure.

We mail a trial package free to all who write.

It will give you instant relief, show you the harmless, painless nature of this great remedy and start you well on the way toward a perfect cure.

Then you can get a full-sized box from any druggist for 50 cents, and often one box cures.

Insist on having what you call for.

If the druggist tries to sell you something just as good, it is because he makes more money on the substitute.

The cure begins at once and continues rapidly until it is complete and permanent.

You can go right ahead with your work and be easy and comfortable all the time.

It is well worth trying.

Just send your name and address to Pyramid Drug Co., 291 Pyramid Building, Marshall, Mich., and receive free by return mail the trial package in a plain wrapper.

Thousands have been cured in this easy, painless and inexpensive way, in the privacy of the home.

No knife and its tortures.

No doctor and his bills.

All druggists, 50 cents. Write today for a free package.

Charged With Curiosity.

Mr. Bach—What is the reason you charge twice as much for my cuffs as you did formerly?

Laundress—Because you have begun making pencil notes on them.

Mr. Bach—What difference does that make?

Laundress—The girls waste so much time in trying to make them out.

IS EPILEPSY CONQUERED?

New York Physicians Have Many Cures to Their Credit.

NEW YORK.—Advices from every direction fully confirm previous reports that the remarkable treatment for epilepsy being administered by the consulting physicians of the Dr. Waterman Institute is achieving wonderful results. Old and stubborn cases have been greatly benefited and many patients claim to have been entirely cured.

Persons suffering from epilepsy should write at once to the Dr. Waterman Institute, 122 East 25th St., Branch 17, New York, for a supply of the remedy, which is being distributed gratuitously.

The Bait.

"See here," said the quick-lunch customer to the waiter, "why is it that you are always out of the 'specialty' you advertise? Today it is 'Small steak with mushrooms, 15 cents.' And you say you are all out. Confound it, you are always out!"

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter with a gentle smile, "we make a specialty of being out, sir."

FREE ASTHMA CURE.

D. J. Lane, a chemist at 115 Lane Building, St. Mary's, Kansas, manufactures a remedy for Asthma in which he has so much confidence that he sends a $1 bottle by express to anyone who will write for it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures, and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge.

Warned.

"I have sent that heiress another letter protesting my affection and asking her to marry me," said Count Fucash.

"You want to be careful how you put that sort of a thing into the mails," replied the frank friend. "The postoffice department is getting mighty str[illegible] about anything that looks like a get-rich-quick enterprise."

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once [illegible] 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Truthful Bobby.

Mother (reprovingly)—Bobby, I told you distinctly if Mrs. Jones asked you to have a second piece of cake, to say "No, thank you."

Bobby—I know, ma; but she didn't say would "I have," she said would I "like" another piece, and if I'd er said "no," I'd er told a lie.

A Chance to Make Money.

Yes, elegant free homesteads can still be had in Mexico where many Americans are now locating. You need not go to Mexico, but are required to have five acres of fruit trees planted within five years. For information address the Jantha Plantation Co., Block 593, Pittsburg, Pa. They will plant and care for your trees on shares, so you should make a thousand dollars a year. It is never hot, never cold. The health conditions are perfect.

Bathing Suit for Chauffeurs.

Redd—An automobile street-sweeper in use in Paris is provided with a water tank for sprinkling just ahead of the broom, which is revolved by the motor.

Greene—Say! That would be a fierce thing to get under, wouldn't it?

Confusion of Tongues.

"What did that automobile fiend say when they took him from under the wreck of his machine?"

"The accident must have mixed him up, for when he recovered consciousness he muttered, 'That's a horse on me!'"

Must Be a Widow.

"You say she has a great deal of confidence in herself."

"Indeed she has! She has announced her approaching marriage and has not yet decided on the man she is to marry."

Two Hopeless Cases.

Lawyer—I couldn't make a better defense for my brother than I've made for you!

Convicted Prisoner—Indeed? Is he such a hopeless case, too?

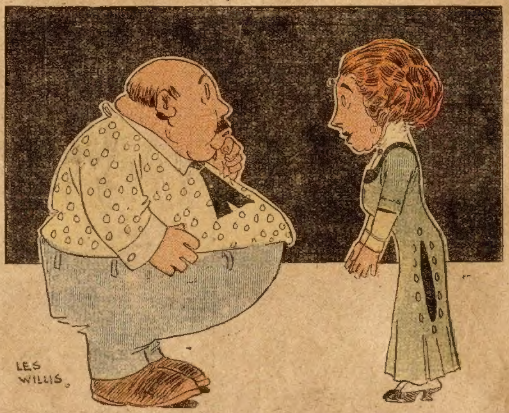
Beating the Company.

"I bet them railway people would be mad if they knew somethin'," said Farmer Corntossel.

"What is it?"

"I have to get up every morning at 6 o'clock. Every day at 5:45 the engine blows a whistle and wakes me up, an' nobody has collected a cent for the service."

BIG ENOUGH, ALL RIGHT.



Mr. Xtrastout—Did you see my belt around the house, dear?
Wee Wife—Why, dear, did you strap it around the house?

A Classy Neighborhood.

"How do you like your new neighborhood?"

"Fine. We've the most interesting people you ever overheard on our party telephone line."

A Good Retort.

Grocer—Your account has been standing a long time, Mr. Slowe.

Customer—Then why don't you give it a seat?

Grocer—Very glad to, sir. Shall we make it a re-ceipt?

Of Course.

"A lady professor of Chicago University says that if she had her way she would give every man just as many wives as he was able to support!"

"Every married man has that many right now."

Razors for Occasions.

"Which do you use, Mista Washington, a safety or a common razah?"

"Well, sah, for shavin' ah uses a safety, but de old-fashioned kind am indispensable for social purposes."

A Guarantee.

Customer—Are you sure this is real Ceylon tea?

Well-Informed Young Assistant—Certainly, sir; Mr. Ceylon's name is on every package.

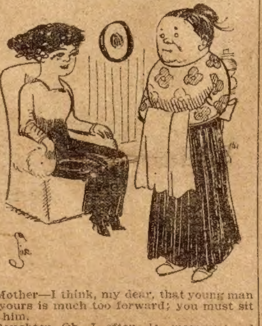
A Discovery.

"In the light of modern invention, I know now what the mermaids sat on a rock combing out their golden tresses for."

"What were they waiting for?"

"For a Marcel wave to come along."

Forestalled.



Mother—I think, my dear, that young man of yours is much too forward; you must sit on him.

Daughter—Oh, I often do, mamma, and he seems to enjoy it.

Worth Trying.

"They say that music pleases the cows. Makes them give more milk."

"Well?"

"I wonder if literature wouldn't interest the hens? I think I'll read mine the market report."

Discovered.

Cook cracks our china, chips our glass and I'll bet a doughnut to a dime that she is the personage who made the world-famous "Nick of Time."

Happily Married.

"Are they happily married?"

"Yes, indeed. They've been married four years now, and she never has to ask him to take her to the theater."

A Strange Bird.

Millicent—What was the first bird the Pilgrims saw when they landed?

Evelyn—The turkey?

Millicent—No; the tommyhawk.

Heard at the Symphony.

Mrs. A.—I suppose you are very fond of music, Mr. B.?

Mr. B.—No, really! I come here simply because it's the correct thing, you know. Music I look upon as nothing more than an expensive noise.

A Coming Humorist.

"Now, sir, what do you think of that?" said mother after she had boxed Bobbie's ears.

"I don't think at all," replied the youngster. "My train of thought has been delayed by a hot box."

Hurry Call.

Breathless Urchin—You're—wanted—down—our—court—and bring a hambulance!

Policeman—What do you want the ambulance for?

Urchin—Muvver's found the lady wot pinched our doormat!

The Place to Look.

Bacon—I put a ten-dollar bill in the dictionary for safe keeping, and now I can't find it.

Egbert—Did you look ever among the other X's, young man?

Lock the Door.

"Do we want anything from the grocer today, Katie?"

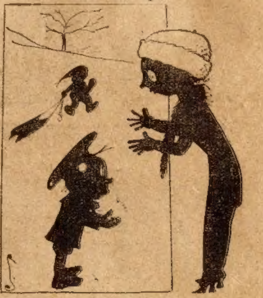
"Well, ma'am; the cheese ran out yesterday and I think the butter will run out today."

The Lean and Hungry Cassius.

"What's th' matter with you, Cassius—you don't stand up straight?"

"Aw, I'm on a low diet an' it makes me lean."

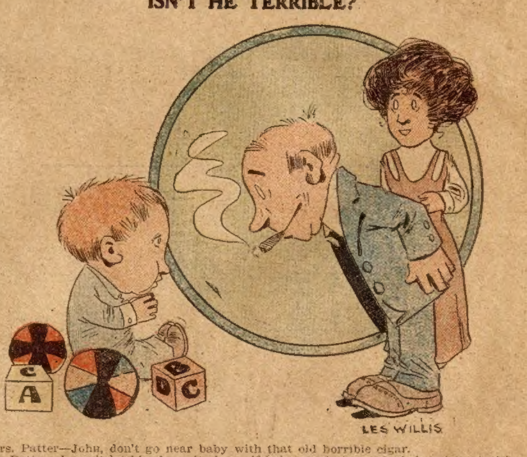
No Escape.



Mother—Why, Clifford, it's lovely of you to let that poor boy ride on your sled. Is he a friend of yours?

Clifford—No, mother. But he said he'd kick my slats in if I didn't let him, so I let him.

ISN'T HE TERRIBLE?



Mrs. Patter—John, don't go near baby with that old horrible cigar.

Pa Patter—I won't let him have it, dear; if baby wants to smoke he's got to start in with a pipe.

Notable Exception.

Knicker—Everything is governed by the law of supply and demand.

Bocker—Then who demands the Christmas thingumbobs the girls make us?—Harper's Bazar.

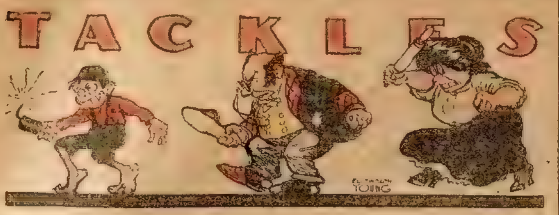
Too True.

"Pop?"

"Yes, my son."

"Is $10 a lot of money?"

"It all depends whether I'm earning it or your mother's spending it, my boy."



Various Boasts.

"My grandmother used to boast that she [illegible] one [illegible] from another."

"Yes."

"[illegible] granddaughter [illegible] [illegible] that [illegible] frying [illegible]"

Unprofitable for Her.

"Did [illegible] return [illegible] presents [illegible] years [illegible] quarreled."

"I [illegible] have had all [illegible]"

Mathematical Contraction.

"I've found out why we speak of the participants in a wedding as the contracting parties."

"I bite. What's the answer?"

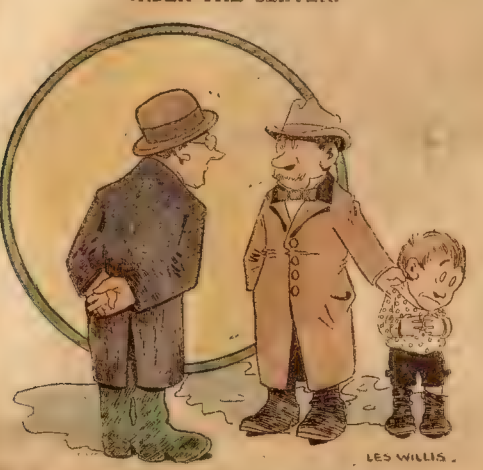
"It's because the two become one."

While Cupid Retreats.

Dolly—Fred vows he will love me till the sun grows cold.

Daisy—H'm! Wait until after the honeymoon and see if he loves you when the flat grows cold.

UNDER THE SLIPPER.



Simpkins—So you found your lost boy? I thought he'd turn up.

B[illegible]—You bet he'll turn up when I get him home.

Seeking Advice.

"I want to ask you for a bit of advice," said the [illegible].

"What is it?"

"I want you to put yourself in my place and [illegible] years, and tell me how you would go about it if you wanted to borrow $10 [illegible]."

Timely Notice.

Landlord's Daughter—If you please, Mr. Lodger, papa told me to tell you he would be here in fifteen minutes for the rent.

Lodger—Thank you, my good little girl. Tell your father I am [illegible] obliged to him for the [illegible].

Can't Tell How You Will Alight.

"Jane is worrying [illegible] airship trip."

"Is she afraid?"

"No, not at all. She [illegible] because she [illegible]."

Were Cured of Their Faith.

T[illegible]—Do I understand you to say that spe[illegible] faith cure?

Browne—Yes. You see, the [illegible] and the druggist both trusted him.

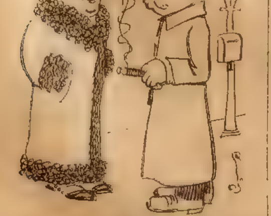
A Fainting Feint.

"My wife faints on the slightest provocation."

"What do you use to resuscitate her?"

"The last time it took a sealskin coat."

Inconsistent.



[illegible] women [illegible] so [illegible]

R[illegible]—And yet call one another cats.

A Compelling Personage.

"Does your wife want you to go to the polls and vote?"

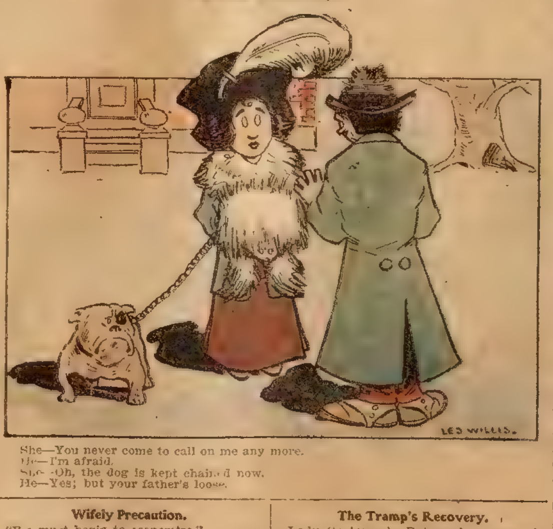
"No, sir," replied Mr. Meekton. "If Henrietta casts a vote it'll be important enough to have the polls brought around to the house when she sends for 'em."

Unanimous Judgment.

Miss Footlight—What do you mean by sayin' I ain't competent to fill this part? All the critics speak of me as a finished actress.

Manager [illegible]—Do you doubt it at all? I can see your finish now.

MAIN DANGER.



She—You never come to call on me any more.

He—I'm afraid.

She—Oh, the dog is kept chained now.

He—Yes; but your father's loose.

Wifely Precaution.

"We must begin to economize."

"I guess you're right. When shall we begin?"

"Just as soon as I have selected my winter hat."

The Tramp's Recovery.

Lady (to tramp)—But surely you are the man I gave some pie to a fortnight ago?

Tramp—Yes, lady. I thought perhaps you'd like to know I'm able to get about again.

His Suggestion.

Society Woman—I see by today's paper I am referred to as "one of fashion's butterflies."

Her Husband—Considering the way you go through clothes I should think moth would apply better.

A True Patriot.

Daisy—Did you enjoy your trip to Europe?

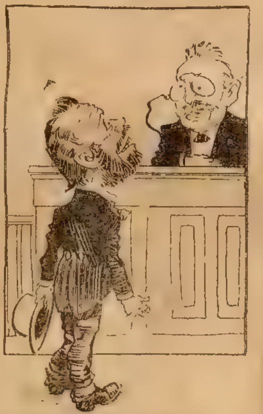
Daniel—Yes, indeed! All the time I was [illegible]

Parliamentary Quarrel.

"I, sir, am always in the [illegible]!"

"Well, [illegible] very bad [illegible]."

What It Did.



Magistrate—Do you know that drink drives a man into bad company?

Prisoner—Yes, your honor; it brought me before you.

The Hardest Thing.

"What is the hardest thing [illegible] when you're learning?" asked a [illegible] of the instructor [illegible]

[illegible]

Thankful for Small Favors.

Biggs—I have made a will leaving my brain to the hospital, and just got an acknowledgment from the authorities.

Letty—Were they pleased?

Biggs—They wrote that every little helps.

Real Sarcasm.

[illegible] before taking [illegible] read the fever and [illegible] on the label on the bottle of medicine.

"Talk about your sarcasm," he said to [illegible] that [illegible] the real thing."

An Expert.

Hyker—Old man Bunk is [illegible] article, isn't he?

Pyker—He [illegible]. Why, he once sold a thousand shares of [illegible] stock to a [illegible].

By the Sad Sea Waves.

E[illegible]—I love to stand here in the spring and see the swells beating the sandy beach.

Jack—Yes, when it gets warmer you can see the swells beating the hotels.

Famous "Pint of Cough Syrup" Recipe

No Better Remedy at Any Price. Fully Guaranteed.

Make a plain syrup by mixing one pint of granulated sugar and ½ pint of warm water and stir for two minutes. Put 2½ ounces of pure Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle, and fill it up with the Sugar Syrup. This gives you a [illegible] supply of the best cough syrup at a saving of $2. It never spoils. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

The effectiveness of this simple remedy is surprising. It seems to take hold instantly, and will usually stop the most obstinate cough in 24 hours. It tones up the jaded appetite and is just laxative enough to be helpful in a cough, and has a pleasing taste. Also excellent for bronchial trouble, throat tickle, sore lungs and asthma, and an unequaled remedy for whooping cough.

This recipe for making [illegible] Pinex and Sugar Syrup [illegible] is a prime favorite in thousands of homes in the United States and Canada. The plan has been imitated, though never successfully. If you try it, use only genuine Pinex, which is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway White Pine extract [illegible] other preparations will not work in this recipe.

[illegible]

Weather Prophets.

D[illegible]—I see the rural weather prophets [illegible]

W[illegible]—And [illegible] noticed [illegible] coal [illegible] If so [illegible]

Had Other Thoughts.

Her D[illegible] had [illegible]

Don't you ever [illegible]

The Ch[illegible]

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS 100% PROFIT
15 IN ONE
Most perfect and valuable [illegible] sells at sight to Farmers, Plumbers, Machinists, Automobile Owners, in stores and the home. Made of Drop Forged high grade carbon steel. One agent in Essex County, N. Y., after a 6 days' canvass ordered 100 tools. His profit $ [illegible]. Big snap for agents. Sample free to workers.
T. THOMAS MFG. CO., 2717 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio

AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits. Express Paid. Terms Free. HERBENE AGENCY Co., Box 282, Sta'n L, New York

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce poultry compound. [illegible] IMPERIAL MFG. CO., Dept. 67. Parsons, Kans.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c. Sheet Pictures 1c, Stereoscopes 25c, Views 1c. Thirty Days [illegible] Samples and Catalog Free. CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT, Dept. 4151, 1027 W. Adams St., CHICAGO

DON'T ACCEPT an agency until you get my samples and particulars. MONEY MAKERS Address SAYMAN, 604 Sayman Building, St. Louis, Mo.

TOBACCO FACTORY WANTS SALESMEN. Good Pay, Steady Work and Promotion. Experience unnecessary as we give complete instructions. Piedmont Tobacco Co., Bx. D14, Danville, Va.

AGENTS $30 A WEEK EXPENSES PAID. No experience or capital required, 30 days credit; photo pillow tops 50c, enlarged portraits, bromides, paintings, frames lowest prices; samples and catalogue free. Dept. Z. Mitter Art Studio, Chicago, Ill.

500 AGENTS wanted for fast seller, needed in quantity by every firm. Nice, pleasant business. Big demand everywhere. Profits large. Samples free. Write quick for particulars. METALLIC MFG. CO., 416 N. Clark St., Chicago

AGENTS—MATCHLESS, DUSTLESS MOPS are guaranteed best. 100% profit; easily sold; 50 cents for sample. Particulars free. Get territory quick. Matchless Sanitary Cleaner Co., 442 River St., Chicago

WE PAY $80 A MONTH SALARY and furnish rig and all expenses to introduce poultry and stock powders; new plan; steady work. Address BIGLER COMPANY, X416, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

Live Agents Wanted
Hustlers to handle our attractive combination packages of soap and toilet articles with valuable premiums. One Michigan agent made $65 in 47 hrs., another $21 in 8 hrs., another $22.50 in 10 hrs. Write today. E. M. DAVIS SOAP CO., 1472 Carroll Ave., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS My Sanitary Coffee Maker produces pure, sweet coffee, needs no settler and never wears out. Saves coffee, money and health. Every wife buys at sight; new invention; exclusive territory. Send 15c. for 50c. size, postpaid. DR. LYONS, 429 Day St., Pekin, Ill.

NULITE GASOLINE TABLE LAMP
A beautiful lamp for homes, hotels, offices, stores, [illegible] AGENTS [illegible] CHICAGO SOLAR LIGHT CO. 208 South Jefferson St., CHICAGO

ACENTS
HERE'S THE BIGGEST SNAP YET!
DON'T PASS IT!
can easily sell our Silks, Dress Goods, Shawls, [illegible] Dress Skirts, Battenberg, Petticoats, Underwear, etc., at half [illegible] Free Sample Outfit [illegible] territory. Write today for big free Catalog No. 206 and Samples. Schwartz Importing Co. St. Louis, Mo.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

Entered as second-class matter June 26, 1885, at the post-office at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday
By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

[illegible] to The Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 [illegible]. Remittances [illegible] made by [illegible] Registered Letter, Post-office or Express Money Order, payable to The Chicago Ledger. Subscription price in Canada $1.50 a year. We [illegible] for money paid on subscriptions; the [illegible] paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

[illegible] of the Ledger can be had [illegible] numbers desired, plainly [illegible] address, and your order [illegible]. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger employs no traveling [illegible] and every person working [illegible] person is authorized to take [illegible] the [illegible] unless he or she be well known [illegible] where they have been appointed [illegible] paper every week. A liberal reward will be [illegible] evidence that will enable [illegible] to arrest and convict [illegible] as are now traveling from town to town in different [illegible] of this country [illegible] ents of the [illegible] thereby defra[illegible] [illegible] of [illegible].

ADVERTISING RATES.

The advertising rate is $1.85 per Agate [illegible]. About eight words to a line, 14 lines to [illegible]. price also includes insertion of the advertisement [illegible] SATURDAY BLADE. THE BLADE and LEDGER together have a circulation of

875,000 COPIES WEEKLY

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO
THE CHICAGO LEDGER
CHICAGO, ILL.

GENTLE JABS.

[illegible] every good talker overdoes it.

[illegible] expensive [illegible]

[illegible] down—for [illegible]

The loudest talk[illegible] away the [illegible]

Courtship is a [illegible]sel with two mates and [illegible]

[illegible] are too modest to face [illegible] truth.

Lots of women dress as if they were [illegible]

[illegible] to be both [illegible]

When twins arrive the parents don't know whether to laugh or cry.

You can't always be sure a man's brains by the length of [illegible] hair.

Men who are rolling in wealth should find a better use for it.

When the patient man is once aroused he makes up for [illegible]

People who fish [illegible]

[illegible]

Never judge the strength of a man's character by the [illegible] of his muscle.

Success often comes from knowing what to expect and when to expect it.

If a girl receives a letter and doesn't read it over three times, it isn't a love letter.

[illegible]

About the most expensive thing a man can do is to associate with cheap people.

And the ratio is about sixteen million opportunities to spend money to one to make it.

A woman never forgets her birthday, but she's seldom able to remember how many she's had.

Nothing amuses the average man more than to have some woman believe she is bossing him.

Life is full of ups and downs—but unfortunately most of us are down more of the time than up.

A man can flatter any woman by telling her that he never attended church regularly until after he met her.

Perhaps the straight and narrow path might be more popular if made wide enough for gasoline joy buggies.

If some [illegible] as big as they imagine they are, [illegible] to be classed as circus attractions.

A New York girl eloped with her father's [illegible], but the fines brought it [illegible]

[illegible] that a man [illegible] get [illegible] she won't [illegible] ask him for money.

[illegible] a man get credit up above for the money he leaves to charity in his [illegible] after he no longer has any use [illegible]

ADRIFT ON AN ICEBERG;

Or, THE ARCTIC WARRIORS

By WILLIAM H. MANNING

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. [illegible] Ja[illegible] [illegible] can begin with that [illegible] or back copies can be obtained [illegible] or our agent [illegible] tion.

CHAPTER IV.

FIGHTING THE ICE.

CAPTAIN DRAKE listened and looked in silence. Nobody aboard knew the sea better than he, and nobody could read a growing cloud more accurately. Looking now, [illegible] and he was not obstinate enough to combat the truth from oth[illegible] [illegible] when his daughters were in [illegible]. He had to deal with a problem that was staggering in its difficulties, but he faced it with an iron face.

"We will lower the boats [illegible]," he said calmly. "It's [illegible] to breast that ice and [illegible] to make the berg, but we may as well [illegible] with the trouble once and for all. Get the boats over, but be sure to stow all they [illegible] first. We mustn't leave an ounce of food nor a rag of clothes behind."

As he said this a pallor suddenly settled upon his bronzed face. Clearly enough he [illegible] terrible trouble he had brought upon himself, his men and his daughters by [illegible] lingering over-long on the whaling grounds. [illegible] he carried, he weakened [illegible] at Dorothy and [illegible].

[illegible] upon him pressed the conditions [illegible] soon confront. What were the ship's company to eat, what were they to [illegible], what were they to wear, and what [illegible] them shelter?

Ruel Taylor did not wait to see that [illegible]. He had his orders, and he [illegible] them to the crew and got the [illegible] as bees. The precious stores were placed in the boats, and all other preparations hurried onward. More than one man aboard had stocked a boat in time of wreck, but never for such a danger as this, and there might have been doubt as to what ought to be taken and what left had not Ruel made it his business for days back to consider that very point. The list was stored in his mind, and he saw that all was stowed as planned. More they could not boat, lest their frail conveyances be over-laden.

Always a smart crew, the whalers [illegible] themselves this time. They slipped [illegible] on nimble heels and quickly, the[illegible] systematically, the precious articles [illegible] the proper places. When all [illegible] Ruel reported to the skipper.

"Very well, Mr. Taylor," returned the master, now as cool as usual. "I've been watching that berg, and we will move at once. Nothing like daylight for wo[illegible] there's no knowing how long [illegible] us to nibble through that ice. [illegible] the boats over!"

"Father," said Mary, faltering [illegible] I really think we had bett[illegible] Peggy is loaded beam-deep [illegible] with your [illegible]. Let's stick [illegible] the dear old hooker!"

The skipper patted the girl on the shoulder.

"There's a sailor's lass for you!" he exclaimed proudly. "[illegible] a living [illegible] than a dead one. Pink o' prettiness, [illegible] with the boats!"

What had [illegible] a man's temper and determination not to desert his ship was [illegible], but now, with the inevitable at his heels, [illegible] almost cheerful. Certainly he [illegible] and his voice rang cheerily [illegible].

"Now, my bullies, [illegible] on a bit of a chase, [illegible]. That ice adrift won't [illegible], but if only you fend off sharply we'll soon make the berg, but I'm dead sure we shall all be back in the Peggy soon. This move is just to make sure that we carry our lives where they belong, and that is, in living bodies. Plenty safe is our motto, my livelies. [illegible] [illegible]sh the wheel 'midships, and the[illegible] will be over."

Five minutes later the work of lowering was begun. Ice was still bumping the hull, but some of the men dropped to the channels and did their best to worry out a clear landing place. Either good luck or rare judgment was with them, and after a period of wrestling with the obstructions the boats were eased from the davits into tolerably open water.

Next the girls were handed down, and then the whalers dropped like monkeys. Every man knew his duty, and while some grasped the oars, others stood ready with lances and various other things to fend off the more dangerous lumps that sought to thump their frail sides. The oars dipped with a crackling sound mixed with the slushing from half-formed thickness, and they were fully off.

Half a mile distant the big berg reared its pinnacled head.

"Doesn't it look charming!" exclaimed Dorothy, and she said it so well that nobody would have suspected that her heart was heavy with woe.

"A world all [illegible]," [illegible] Mary [illegible].

"Crowned with such fancy peaks. See that tallest one! We will name that Mount Washington."

"Yes," Mary agreed, "and the one near it shall be Mount John Adams."

"[illegible] call one Castle Columbus."

"Just the thing, Dolly. So we will." Here Mary bent closer to her sister and nudged her secretly. "Keep it up, miss! Don't give [illegible] all to crying, and if I do that, just [illegible] stick a pin into me."

[illegible] There was no frivolity in their minds, neither was mistaken love of romance there. Tears were in their hearts for it was a sore thing that their father should have to abandon his well-filled ship, but they had the good wit and the ability to hide their sickening depression from their companions.

No part of this talk reached Ruel's ears, for the girls were in the rearmost boat with the second mate, while Captain Drake and Ruel, each in a separate craft, were the advance guard. The skipper had the will to shoulder all the peril and lead alone, but his care for his daughters was all-consuming, and his plan was to make as wide a path for them [illegible].

Their boat must not be overturned.

That was an experience never to be forgotten. Oars were never dipped in clear water, and so many pieces of brush-ice slipped past the bows that there was always risk of catching a crab.

Ruel was foremost in his boat. He had given the tiller to Davy Weed, for he felt that he could give no other man the responsibility of fending at his bows. The like position in the captain's boat was filled [illegible] Jerry Boxx, and there the two stood, [illegible] in hand, watching keenly, their muscles strained, their eyes like boring gimlets, and everything outboard constantly under survey.

[illegible] ice must be fended off or evaded [illegible] their course, and of the [illegible] wanted to do as little as possible. The [illegible] they were on the berg the better.

"Hi, there, sir!" cried Jerry, "there's a lusty lump of the stuff bearing right down onto us!"

"We can sheer it away," returned Ruel readily. "Drive it toward me, and I'll do the rest."

The sailor lunged, got a grip with his lance and pushed hard, whereupon the big lump slipped to larboard and bore down upon the mate's bows. Here it was caught by a second lance, and as Ruel shoved hard it slipped out of the path.

"Something worse ahead!" added the [illegible].

"[illegible]"

"No use to fend at that thing. [illegible] to starboard, my livelies! We must [illegible] der its nose. Ho! there we go! Well done, hearts of oak. Drake's bullies know the [illegible]."

"Ay, ay, sir!" roared the sailors in chorus.

It was well to hearten them in this crisis, and Ruel had fine timber to work upon. Jack-tars who would laugh while a floundering whale kicked up a hullabaloo [illegible] [illegible] a boat were not going to cravenish [illegible].

One thing the momentary deviation from a direct course showed the mate that had not been in the program. [illegible] upon their bean floated the Dancing Peggy, handsome [illegible] of life. Abandoned, she floated alone. It was a miserable spectacle, for the satisfied mariner loves his ship, and it seemed almost like leaving one of the crew to die a wretched death in solitude.

"Poor Peggy!"

Ruel's lips framed the words, but he checked himself in time and said nothing to dishearten his mates.

"Ugly customer ahead again, sir!" called Jerry stoutly.

It was there, and 'twas not the last. The [illegible] was on fully, constantly, vigorously, [illegible] of the nerves that needed [illegible] that guided the boats. There were times when Ruel found his heart sickening within him and hope [illegible] totally. How were they to keep it up, how master those drifting, thumping blocks of peril, how save the craft from being splintered or overturned? The battle was man against nature, cunning against power, the struggle of dwarfs with giants, and all through the intervening space the brash ice pounded its way and the sconce pieces tossed their ugly heads as the surge caught them with drifting force.

How were the boats to reach the iceberg?

Hark! Back in the rear of the procession [illegible] in song.

"[illegible] Oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!"

Ruel's jaws closed with a snap, his brows bent until they seemed almost likely to meet, his wavering eyes grew steadfast. The battle was not yet lost, and it should be won. If the impossible lay before them, then the impossible should be accomplished.

Forward went the struggle, the row against the surge, the fight with the ice. That half-mile was a crawl, but each foot [illegible] its history. The dipping blades, the prodding lances, the straining muscles, but above all the choice of way and the ability to meet the swiftly succeeding difficulties and deal with them properly. That was the story of the struggle.

But, now, it was no longer a half-mile. Something had been gained by the drifting [illegible] and as the boats did the rest they [illegible] close. Nor was it too soon. Down from that now-towering black cloud came a sudden blast of wind that set the ice bumping afresh, and it was clear that a squall was afoot.

If it found them adrift nothing could save them.

"Cheerily, my hearties of fire!" cried the mate. "You never failed to do what you tried in the past, and you are fetching this job. Swell your muscles, and grind your eyes to a needle point. 'Ware of catching a crab, but lift the water as if 'twas feathers. We gain, we are making it. Gayly, my bundles of steel!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" grated back the tars, as they tugged stubbornly at their oars.

"Mr. Taylor," called out the capt[illegible], "what's your idea of the landing place?"

"There's a ravine farther away, but I take it we don't want to remain afloat one minute longer than possible. I've been looking the sharpest I can, but I'm rather busy. Will you pick, sir?"

"There are several places shelving enough so we can climb the berg, if we can reach them, but that's the pinch—how to baffle the ice and land where we wish."

"We will lay you aboard somewhere near [illegible], sir."

Ruel sent another swift glance ahead. They lacked all artificial helps for climbing ice, but he believed it could be done without them. Just then a big block of ice drifted into their path, and once more they had to deviate. Passing around it they pointed

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direct once more, and the oars plunged and bent under the great efforts of the sailors.

That lusty struggle was not soon to be forgotten.

Now they were drawing nearer, and new difficulties must soon be dealt with. The problem would be to land passengers and freight without having their boats stove in by the berg. Its slow progress was in their favor, but extremely delicate work was necessary to avoid overturning. They must keep hard upon the berg without permitting serious contact.

Now they were [illegible] down the last fathoms, and as they crept under the icy monster's [illegible] Drake swept a keener look around.

"Boats ahead!" he cried. "Separate far enough for the rest [illegible] between you. We will land the girls first of all. That's right! Now, [illegible] poles of iron, send them through!"

The maneuver was executed, and the boat [illegible] was driven to the spot he had picked out. He had carefully coached his daughters and the men, and the boats were no sooner in contact than, while the crew was held off and on with the oars [illegible] a stock and yet hovering at the proper point, Mary and Dorothy leaped to the berg.

The murmur of a cheer greeted their successful effort, but it was no time for idle display. Two of the hands followed, and then the [illegible] in store fairly flew after them. Rarely had a boat been unloaded more quickly or deftly, and all the while the oars were plied to hold the [illegible] steady.

When everything was done the boat was [illegible] higher [illegible] and another took its place. Last of all Ruel and his crew had their turn. Without accident or loss of life or stores, the final task was accomplished. Then, with the three boats by their side the castaways stood on the berg with the [illegible] lapping at them [illegible].

"All alive!" exclaimed Drake heartily.

"But, sir," put in a doleful seaman, "where be we now?"

"In a new world, and we have it to ourselves. Hearten up, lads, we will pull through this pinch. Mark you, we are going to conquer the world of ice!"

CHAPTER V.

A WILD NIGHT.

Ruel [illegible] been [illegible] raging his [illegible] as [illegible] possible, and his voice rang with deceptive cheerfulness, but, just then, his heart was elsewhere. He stole a look seaward and saw the Dancing Peggy plodding along with lashed helm and small sail set, trim as ever in the thumping ice, but her deck was a mournful spot to look at. No human being trod there, no voice rang out, and nothing broke the dismal solitude upon which her [illegible] had gone.

The mate's eyes dimmed. That place was home, and it had been abandoned. Left to her fate, the [illegible] was driving her way, forsaken, and soon to be crushed by the pitiless bergs.

"Now for our plan!" cried Drake, who never once gazed at his ship. "The first call is for shelter. The boats will help us in a pinch, but our original scheme—ha! what now, carpenter?"

Davy Weed, pick-ax in hand, came running toward them. As soon as he landed he had ran away, but now he was back, his bronzed face aglow with rapid exertion.

"Just the place, sir," he announced. "That great hill of ice over there has a sheer side toward the south, and we can dig that house we talked about like a [illegible] cheese. Will you look at it, sir?"

"Bravo, carpenter! If you have struck the right spot we will use the last remaining hours of day to scoop out a hole large enough to give us relief from the wind before we sleep."

"Why," cried Mary, "that hill he speaks about is Castle Columbus. Dorothy and I named it, you know. Just the place. Daddy, won't it look fine when we get our stationery printed with 'Castle Columbus' on it, and then this addition: 'At home, Thursdays'!"

"Let's see our fort," exclaimed Dorothy, and they ran away in advance of the [illegible].

Investigation showed that Davy had chosen wisely. The uplift was dome-shaped and covered a full acre, being one of the three largest hills on the berg. Its summit was three hundred feet above the general level, but, as a small ravine was on its south side, it really had a southern side nearer four hundred above its base.

The skipper gave prompt approval, and picks, chisels and other implements were soon busy scooping out the heart of the Castle. Right there the castaways must make their stand and fight for life. While a sufficient number labored at this task, Drake sent Ruel to the summit to survey their surroundings.

With two exceptions that outlook was commonplace and dismal enough. The extent of the berg had not been over-estimated, and, practically square of form, it lay with its miles of solid ice. Here and there was a level plain, but, as a rule, the way was broken and uneven. Pinnacles and domes were mixed in with crevasses, some of the latter [illegible].

Beyond the berg was what [illegible] destroying hope of reaching [illegible] under present conditions. The sample of [illegible] already experienced had told what [illegible] the thumping drift-ice meant.

Practically to the north Ruel [illegible] view of the unhappy Peggy, but he did not look at the ship so, remembering the rival whalers, he pointed his glass to sight them. Seeing, he found that the naked eye was strong enough for the purpose.

The Sea Pilot was still afloat and still [illegible]. Her decks were [illegible] life, for all hands were [illegible] there, but Ruel started as he took in other details. The Pilot was no longer heading her way with the flow of the [illegible], but at right angles with it. Heedless of danger, she was coming along with the berg on her larboard beam.

This meant much to the crew, and might mean much to the party on the berg. Undoubtedly, it was the intention of the Pilot's master to drive close and land as his rivals had landed, though it was doubtful if he knew they were there. It was ugly business, for the Sea Pilots were a reckless, lawless crew, and they might resort to any evil deed if they effected the landing.

But would they land? By laying their present course they were putting their ship in jeopardy, and they were more likely to meet with utter wreck than to carry their plan through.

Something else Ruel saw. The black cloud had mounted higher, and the wind from its heart had increased to a half-gale. Far away in that gloomy expanse a second iceberg, wide-faced and grim, was bearing down with a fleet of smaller pieces and floes pushing and [illegible] along before it.

Right there was all that was needed to catch both the ships between two massive forces and crush them flat.

"Poor old Dancing Peggy!" murmured Ruel.

He took one glance at his vessel as it rode its manless way, and then turned his head. He had not the heart to look farther. Now, too, the shadows of premature night were settling, and, with an obscured outlook, he returned to his shipmates.

He took care that only Captain Drake heard his dismal report.

Meanwhile, the sailors had labored heartily to scoop out the new refuge at its largest. [illegible] had been made at the heart of Castle Columbus. Plans had been laid to construct a veritable [illegible] in the [illegible] dome, with [illegible] to overcome the [illegible] of bad air, but this was a temporary make-shift. What was wanted was a sleeping place where the wind would be shut off, and [illegible] presented.

Captain Drake had heard his officer's report almost like one in a dream. Now with Ruel by his side, he was gazing seaward and thoughtfully pulling at his beard.

"I've a strong mind," he finally muttered, "to launch a boat again and try to return to the Peggy."

"For what reason, sir?"

"The first, most pressing want is fuel. We brought a few sticks, and a quantity of whale-scrap, but we could take very little. We need fuel, good honest wood, and lots of it."

"But it's getting dark, and no boat could live in yonder sea."

"Fuel, fuel!" muttered the skipper gloomily.

"Wait a bit, sir. When I was surveying the berg through my glass, this afternoon, I noticed a ravine off yonder with dark spots in it. What are these spots unless trees and other forms of wood carried away by the berg as it left land?"

"Ha! black spots, say you? Will you go and see them now?"

Once more the mate bestirred himself, but his trip was a difficult one. The black cloud swooped down suddenly, smiting the face of the berg into deepest gloom, and Ruel could hardly see his way, much less make a reputation as a discoverer. After various perplexities and stumbles he found the ravine, and, rather by sense of feeling than by eyesight, confirmed his belief that a large stock of wood was there. One tree was all of two feet in diameter, and beyond it was a pile that gladdened his heart. Unless he greatly erred, the problem of fuel was solved for the winter. He wished it was as good a [illegible] as to food.

[illegible] of the smaller pieces he made his way back. The sailors were still toiling, now using lanterns, and had scooped out a cavity large enough to shelter all of the party. [illegible] away in that niche [illegible] the existing temperature.

[illegible] Ezekiel Tracy, the cook, prepared supper [illegible] the body of the [illegible] second cavity, destined [illegible] sleeping and shelter room.

[illegible] it only remained to complete the second room and stock it with the blankets and other things of [illegible]. Here Capt. Drake took Ruel aside for consultation.

"The matter of food and clothing presses upon us," he said gloomily. "By sticking close to these holes in the ice we may be able to avoid freezing, though of that I am not sure, but food, food! That is a dangerous question."

"We have plenty of ammunition," the mate replied.

"Ay, and there may be some game on the berg now, but not [illegible] winter. Again, what shall we eat?"

"We have enough [illegible] to ward off scurvy for [illegible] season," Ruel [illegible].

"And after that?"

"Clearly, we must be active while open weather lasts. But——"

"Exactly! That 'but' fills a whole volume, Mr. Tyler."

For some time longer they discussed the constant perplexity, but while they stood the already high wind suddenly increased. From the windward a dash of [illegible] rain and snow [illegible] down upon them and [illegible] necessary that they avoid [illegible], they returned to their [illegible].

Everything [illegible] had been completed, and [illegible] ready for [illegible] and all [illegible] their places.

The [illegible] night. The gale [illegible] the berg [illegible]. There was less downpour [illegible] was expected, and, greatly to their surprise, it continued mainly rain. [illegible] retreat remained dry, [illegible] as warm as they could wish, for the [illegible] of Castle Columbus was between them and that raging wind.

Nothing deadened the sounds. The blast was full of weird noise. It roared, wailed, shrieked and bellowed, and mingled with its own noise were other sounds caused by its [illegible].

"What [illegible]" [illegible] Jerry [illegible] corner, "all the smaller blocks of ice will be stove to pieces before morning. Hear them thump against the big fellow!"

"It's the devil's own [illegible]," added Davy Weed.

[illegible]

"The old Peggy [illegible] there," [illegible] doleful[illegible].

"Stow that!" [illegible] Jerry. "No hauntin' for woes. [illegible] will ride it out in safety."

Silence followed the remark. Every [illegible] Jerry [illegible] and then [illegible] cast [illegible] against the berg with [illegible] sound [illegible] speed, [illegible] a man-built ship. That [illegible] in the [illegible] of his mind, [illegible] Peggy in the [illegible] sea.

It was long before Ruel fell asleep, and the last sound he heard was the regular thumping of the smaller ice as it was hurled upon its huge neighbor. A wild night was [illegible] the [illegible] sea.

When the [illegible] change had taken place. The wind had fallen and except for one or two brief periods of gusting he heard no sound of [illegible] on the water level. He held his watch near the dying coals, and, finding that day was near, grew eager to see the outside world. [illegible] the chamber quietly, but had gone only a few steps when Davy Weed joined him.

"May I keep along with you, sir?" the carpenter asked.

"Willingly. I want to reach the summit and see what has happened off yonder. I [illegible] believe that either the Peggy or Capt. Knight's ship has [illegible] it through."

"How could a vessel live it through, sir?"

"I [illegible]."

"If Knight held [illegible] he was, every [illegible] Jack of his crew is a dead man now."

"So it seems."

"Say, though, [illegible] this is a deuce of a thing to climb in the dark. Lucky it isn't sheer ice. These [illegible] and gutters give

(Continued on page eighteen.)

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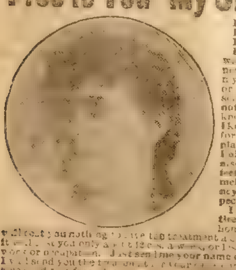

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The Runaway Wife.

(Continued from page eight.)

In [illegible] to her wishes and the two went on deck for the first time in broad daylight. After the first moment of uneasiness had passed, and they had seen that the strange faces around them [illegible] to arouse their suspicions, they [illegible] the more easily, and Anita [illegible] the [illegible] of her husband saw that she had [illegible] to [illegible] the attempt. Cabrenoza's [illegible] interest the [illegible] hills of living green, the groves of [illegible] trees and [illegible] that border the Guayas River [illegible] its course to Guayaquil.

This lower [illegible] passed them, then the sloping port [illegible] with its [illegible] spires and domes and here and there some [illegible] out among the less pretentious buildings.

"Do you [illegible] the name of that [illegible] building, there [illegible] the middle of those hills?" suddenly asked Anita of her husband, Cabrenoza having told her of a previous visit to the city.

"It is the hospital," answered a voice behind them before Cabrenoza had time to speak.

Both turned, more frightened by that voice than they would have been of a crash of thunder. A stranger of the American type was smilingly lifting his hat, not seeming to notice the evident emotion of the pair. Anita was the first to recover from the terror which had come over her, and she answered the information with a smile, "Thank you, sir," adding as an explanation to her curiosity: "It is such a big building that it naturally attracted my attention."

"It has need of being big," laughed the stranger, "if the tales of Guayaquil's yellow fever record are one-half near the actual truth. On my first visit to Guayaquil, I was entertained by a fellow passenger with the most gruesome stories of the epidemics which have swept the town from time to time."

"Haven't the conditions improved somewhat?" asked Cabrenoza, who, having recovered from his emotion, was anxious to engage in conversation.

"Oh yes, very much, and they will continue to improve if a few more of my countrymen take up their residence in the city," then smiling he continued: "After that remark, I need not tell you that I am William Martin of American birth, having therefore the usual American modesty."

Cabrenoza felt that after this frank introduction, he was expected to give his own name and nationality, the etiquette of travel demanding it. He therefore bowed, saying:

"I am Ricardo Giberza of Madrid, and I am traveling for the sake of the senora's health, which was greatly impaired by the sudden death of our only child, a boy of five."

Anita looked at her husband in admiration. He had so well weathered his first encounter with the outside world in his assumed character that she was surprised and pleased, but upon an authoritative look from Cabrenoza she turned away her head, bringing her handkerchief to her eyes, his look having told her that she was not playing her part properly.

Martin watched this byplay with an amused smile, which changed to a deeply sympathetic one when Cabrenoza turned once more toward him, and shaking his head sadly, the American remarked pityingly.

"The blow must have been severe, and it is no wonder the senora's health should have suffered; children at that age are so interesting," then, as though to change a painful subject, he asked: "Are you going to land?"

"No," answered Cabrenoza more and more at his ease, "I don't think it worth while. Are you?"

"I guess so," carelessly answered Martin, "if only for the sake of feeling solid ground beneath my feet."

"You surely do not complain of the Pacific. One can not be sea-sick or even uncomfortable on its gentle waves," smiled Anita, who was overjoyed to see that Cabrenoza's face was clearing more and more with the pleasure of the meeting with Martin.

"I certainly do not. Ship life, along this coast, is dreamful and nerve-soothing, and this steamer is as commodious as a floating summer home."

The conversation, thus engaged, continued until the landing. Before leaving them, Martin asked of Anita:

"Is there anything the senora desires me to bring her from the city?"

Anita looked at her husband questioningly. The same idea had come to both—papers from Panama! Cabrenoza thought a second then nodded his approval, and the young woman answered Martin with a daring that for a second left her husband stupefied with wonder and dread.

"I should like some Panama papers. We were in the city during the Cabrenoza scandal, and I am interested to know how the affair terminated. It was so unusual and so scandalous that I enjoyed reading it."

Martin cast a quick, questioning glance at the young woman, but she withstood the look without a quiver of emotion, then he asked with assumed surprise:

"Cabrenoza, the politician? What of him? I must plead ignorant, not having tarried in Panama."

Anita in a few rapid words gave an outline of her own marriage and the events which followed it, while her husband, to hide his uneasiness, was leaning overboard as though interested in the water foaming against the sides of the vessel.

"No wonder you are interested," exclaimed Martin, when she paused, having [illegible] recovered from [illegible] surprise. "It is a most [illegible] story. I will [illegible] try to get the papers and we [illegible] the latest news together. Is there anything else?"

"Nothing."

"Then adios until my return," smiled Martin, lifting his hat as he left them.

When the young man was out of earshot, Cabrenoza turned to her [illegible]:

"Why did you say that? Do you want to [illegible] our heads [illegible] your [illegible]?"

"No. I want to assure [illegible], and I believe I have done so. That young gentleman is now ready to swear that Senora [illegible] and her husband, Cabrenoza, or she would never have dared mention that [illegible]. [illegible] is sometimes the best policy."

But she was mistaken. The young gentleman was thinking as he was landing in Guayaquil:

"The little Anita may be very clever but she is not enough so for me. A less experienced man might have been fooled."

Reaching the docks, he looked about him [illegible]. Among the sailors of all nations who lounged about to watch the arrival of the [illegible] vessels, he was searching for a face which showed intelligence and [illegible] an English speaking country. At last he found one whose general appearance suited him, and advancing to the young sailor, asked in English:

"Are you here for a few days, matey?"

The man looked up startled by the question, then, seeing a smiling [illegible] face before him, replied eagerly, happy in meeting a countryman.

"Most likely a week. We're taking a big cargo."

"Then I believe you can do me a favor which will bring twenty dollars."

"How's that?"

"I can not wait to make connection with a friend who arrives on his private launch the 'Santa Maria' sometime tomorrow or the day after. I want to leave him word that I must go on, and I will give you ten of Uncle Sam's dollars if you deliver a letter to him. He will give you another ten when he gets the letter. How does the deal strike you?"

"Strikes me in the right spot," laughed the sailor, "that is in the pockets of my jeans, which are sadly in the need of refilling. Hand her over. I'll see to it that she gets to the owner of the Santa Maria, even if I have to swim out to take it to him."

"There'll be no need of that. A man will come to shore to look for me. You will give him the letter. He will have the name of the vessel on his cap."

"All right, I'm on. Where's the letter and the ten?"

"Here are both. Now don't get drunk on the money, for if you do you will lose the other ten that's coming to you."

"Have no fear, I'm not [illegible] if you think I look like one."

Martin laughed, and after a few more instructions as to delivering the letter, left his messenger and entered the city, thinking as he walked:

"The best I could do. One must trust to luck. The fellow seems sober enough, and the thought of another ten may save him from temptation. Even if he reads or loses the letter it contains nothing that could give a clue to my real meaning," and dismissing the thought, he began to look for the Panama papers he had promised Anita.

That night the vessel steamed out of the Guayas River into the Zambelli Channel for Tumbez. From the deck on which they stood, the Cabrenozas and their new friend, watched the city fade from their gaze into the moonlight splendor of the tropical night. As they steamed away, a launch, going at full speed and bearing the name Santa Maria, entered the port. Pursuers and fugitives had just missed connection.

This extremely interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger, presenting the readers with some very dramatic happenings. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly urged to send in your subscription at once. Every family should take the Ledger, as humor and stories and pictures make life brighter and pleasanter for all, bringing health and entertainment and doing every one good. Be wise and attend to this today.

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"It's funny that nobody ever named a cigar after you, Miller," suggested Drew.

"They did—twice," replied Miller. "The 'Henry Miller' cigar has been [illegible] the market."

Interested.

"What did the rhinoceros do when you fired at him?" asked the eager listener.

"He just stood still and watched me run."

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Boy's and Girl's Corner

THE BOY RAIDERS;

Or, Schooldays' Adventures

By PAUL GRAY

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CHAPTER I.

THE THEFT.

"FELLOWS," exclaimed Bobby Lester bursting into the dormitory room of Phil Lange and Teddy Jenks, "have either of you found a roll of bills lying around since supper?"

Lange looked up quickly from the page of mathematics over which he was bent at the little table.

"A roll of bills, Bobby?" he repeated. "No such luck was ever mine. How much was in it?"

"Fifty dollars—all in bright new five dollar bills—my allowance for the last quarter of school," replied Lester, puckering his lips and wrinkling his brow in dismay.

"Oh, you're foolin' us," drawled Teddy Jenks from where he lay curled up on the couch against the wall with a current magazine held close before his eyes. "This is only the last week o' March. Nobody at Hexter that I know of is lucky enough to get his allowance before the first week in April. Bobby, you've been dreamin'."

"I only wish I had," sighed Lester, dropping into a chair. "But I was never wider awake. I got my allowance ahead of time because I wrote home and begged mother to send it. An' it was going to take every cent of it to square me up. Now, I'll have to live like a miser from now till school closes."

"Send home for some more," suggested Teddy. "You've got a good excuse."

"What," exclaimed Lester, throwing an indignant glance toward Jenks sprawled on the couch. "Teddy, you're a fool. You know I begged an extra twenty-five from home last quarter with the excuse I'd lost that much. I ain't going to let 'em know I'm such a sieve. Besides, mother can't afford it."

"How'd you lose it, Bobby?" inquired Lange, as he thrust his book aside, threw himself back in his chair and elevated his slippered feet to the table.

"Blamed if I know," exploded Lester as he rose to his feet and stopped a pace or two closer to his two companions. "The fact is, fellows—" here he lowered his voice almost to a whisper—"I don't think I lost it."

"Then what are you singin' us such a hard luck song for?" growled Jenks, [illegible]

"No, not lost," went on Lester, [illegible] the question of Teddy, "stolen!"

"What—in Hexter?" The two roommates fairly leaped to their feet.

"[illegible] that's impossible," declared Jenks. "There [illegible] in the whole [illegible] that [illegible] such a thing [illegible]."

"Well, I ain't accusing anybody," said Bobby, as he backed up to the table, "but I'm positive I left it in the upper drawer of my bureau, alongside my handkerchiefs when I went down to supper at 6 o'clock, and when I came back at half past six, just now it was gone. They say money's got wings. Well, I could believe it if the window in my room had been open but it wasn't."

"How about the door?" inquired Phil Lange quietly.

"Oh, I never lock that," replied Lester decidedly. "Who ever heard of anybody locking dormitory doors in Hexter?"

"Does Dick know you lost it?" asked Teddy. Dick Farson was the roommate of Bobby Lester at Hexter where the rambling dormitory housed nearly three hundred young men, each of the cosy little rooms being occupied by two students.

"No, Dick's been down to Edgewood Creek fishing all day—went away early this morning. I didn't get my check till the noon mail—just in time to hustle over to the bank and get it cashed before the close."

"Kind of a blue Saturday in the Lester family, eh?" suggested Teddy with a grin.

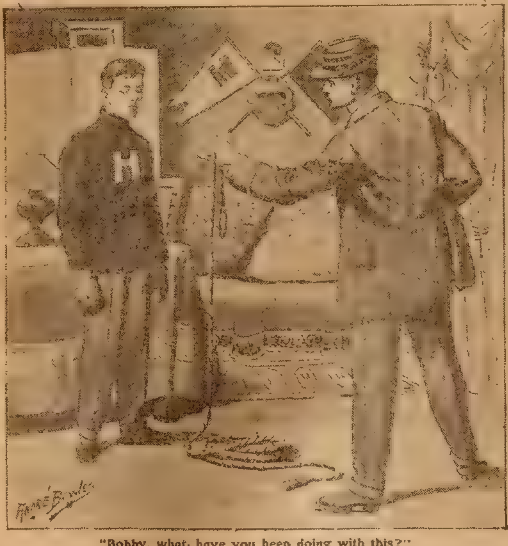
"Oh, this isn't any joking matter," glared the loser.

"You're postive you didn't put it away in some other place than you say?" asked Lange, rising from his chair and stepping over to Lester's side.

"Phil," answered Bobby earnestly, "I never was surer of anything in my life than that I put that roll of bills just where I say—in my upper bureau drawer alongside [illegible] furnishings."

"Well," said Lange, moving toward the door, "let's go and take another look."

The three young men went out into the long hall dividing the two rows of rooms that ran entirely around the rectangular second floor of the Hexter Academy dormitory. In the center was a wide court. [illegible] every one of the one hundred and fifty dormitory rooms was an outside one with [illegible] to furnish sunlight and fresh air.



"Bobby, what have you been doing with this?"

On the first floor was located the long dining room, the lounging and study room and the library. The building—the last one in the row of brick and frame structures the Academy boasted—had been the first one erected when "Prexy" Hastings established the young man's preparatory school, thirty years earlier. It had seen the institution grow from its modest beginning, with but twenty students and two instructors, until now when it boasted close to three hundred pupils, ten instructors, a handsome row of buildings, a broad, tree-lined campus and [illegible] athletic field.

The great success of the Academy had been altogether due to the salutary methods of "Prexy" Hastings. He was venerable now but his age had not bereft him of a keen appreciation of boyish dispositions and desires. Hence he had occupied the position of friend and companion to the boys who came to his academy as students and whose parents gladly paid the moderate tuition and boarding rates he charged in order that their sons might have a few years under the kindly, efficient system which Dr. Hastings had inaugurated.

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maintained for as long as students could remember that the news of Bobby Lester's mysterious loss was so surprising to the two friends to whom he first gave the information.

Moreover Phil Lange, although he kept his real feelings to himself, was disturbed over Lester's misfortune because he liked the younger man not only because of his happy disposition but also because he was the hope of a widowed mother who was making many sacrifices to give the boy a good education.

Lange was seventeen and a senior. Lester was fifteen and in the first year of the three-year course at Hexter. Lange's parents were more than well-to-do. Academy boys talked of Phil as a rich man's son. Yet, despite the fact that his allowance of spending money was larger than that of any other boy at the school, he used it with a care that not only won him respect but also left him always a comfortable balance.

Nor was Lange's discretion confined solely to money matters. His even, thoughtful, disposition, his excellence in study and his skill in athletics had unconsciously won for him the position of a leader. He was inclined to be autocratic at times but his fellows never complained because they were always sure that his sense of honor dictated his action.

CHAPTER II.

THE ROPE LADDER QUIZ.

From the door of Lange's room which fronted the campus to that of Lester which had a similar outlook was but a step. Only one room separated them—that of Billy Williams and Tod Monnett, both seniors.

Entering Lester's room, the trio found things tossed about in confusion.

"Why, Bobby, it looks as if a cyclone had passed through here," exclaimed Teddy Jenks.

"No," responded Lester disconsolately, "unless you could have called me a cyclone when I found my fifty dollars was gone."

A re-search of the room brought no [illegible] to the loser. Drawers, wardrobe, bed, couch, table, chairs and rug were carefully examined but furnished no trace of the missing money.

Lange, thrusting his hand beneath a heap of clothes in the bottom of the wardrobe, checked an exclamation of surprise as he felt a stout knotted rope but he looked keenly at Lester when the latter, noting where his older friend was hunting, cried: "Here, here, it's no use looking there. I'd never put my money in such a place as that."

Lange assented but not until he had assured himself that the hidden rope was of considerable length.

"You're sure you haven't got it tucked away in some pocket in your clothes?" Phil inquired as he moved over to the two windows in the room.

"Went through all of 'em twice," was the impatient response. "That's the first thing I did after I found the roll was gone."

Phil raised the lower sash of a window and looked out. It was quite dark now but he was able to note what he was curious about—that it was less than fifteen feet from the sill to the ground. He was also particular to notice that from where he stood it was a few steps along the wide stone coping that topped the first story of the dormitory to the windows of the adjoining roof of William and Monnett and that an iron water trough running down the side of the building from roof to ground would easily support a man who might be making his way along the coping between the windows.

But Phil said nothing of his suspicions until his roommate blurted:

"What is it, Phil; what you lookin' for? The tracks the thief left?"

"Hush," whispered Phil with a finger to his lips. "I don't want either of you fellows to breathe a word about this to any one. You haven't yet, Bobby, have you?"

"No, you're the first fellows I've spoken about it to. I was going in to tell Monnett and Williams but they're both out."

"Not a word then to anybody till I say so," said Phil in his decided manner.

"Not even to 'Prexy'?" asked Lester in surprise.

"Not yet."

"But how am I goin' to get along without a cent in my pocket? Maybe I'd get it back if 'Prexy' threw a scare into the boys about it."

"You think someone in the academy's got it, then?" Phil queried.

"No one in particular," was the hesitating reply. "But I don't see how it could be anybody outside."

"Here, you, Teddy," ordered Phil, turning to his roommate, "you vamoose."

"What's that, you say?"

"Get out of here," Lange continued. "Bobby and I want to have a little private confab."

"Turned sleuth, have you?" Teddy grinned at Lange as he backed toward the door.

"Get out, you scamp," said Phil as he opened the door into the corridor and gently pushed his roommate out. "And, remember, mum's the word till I lift the ban," he whispered after him. Then he closed the door, turned the key and faced his young and worried friend.

Bobby had sunk into a chair and was resting his head against its back with the gaslight showing full upon it.

"You've got an idea, Bobby," Phil began, "who did this?"

"No, nothing definite."

"Well, you be fair and honest with me now and we'll try to get at the bottom of the matter without bringing anyone in the academy into disgrace. Maybe it was only someone's playful prank."

"Oh, no, it wasn't. I'm sure of that," answered Bobby positively.

"Then you know something that you haven't told me," said Phil, looking keenly at his friend.

The words evidently embarrassed Lester for his eyes drooped and the faintest tinge of red stole through his cheeks.

"Come on now, if you want me to help you," urged Phil. "Out with the whole of it."

"But it wouldn't be fair to say what you haven't any grounds for," faltered Lester evasively.

"Bobby, did anybody in the academy know you received your allowance check this noon?"

"Yes," began the younger man slowly, "I told Tod Monnett about it at the postoffice when I got it. I owed him something an' said I'd pay it as soon as I got it cashed."

"How much did you owe him?"

Bobby evaded Lange's look and hesitated to reply.

"How much did you say?" insisted Phil.

"Over twenty dollars," faltered Lester.

"What," exclaimed the inquisitor in surprise, "how did you come to get so deeply in his debt?"

"Oh, don't ask me," was the impatient response. "I ain't going to tell you all my business."

"I'm trying to help you young man," persisted Phil sharply. Then, after a thoughtful pause he said: "You are pretty heavily in debt, aren't you? I'm not dunning you but there's that twenty you owe me, also. Seems as if you've been spending money pretty freely lately, Bobby."

The younger man had no reply to this. He was plainly keeping back something from the friend who was trying to aid him, Lange realized, yet he did not want to press too hard on the worried loser.

"Then you can't tell me where all you money's been going, eh?" repeated Phil after a long silence.

Bobby shook his head negatively.

Taking a new tack, Lange inquired:

"I think you said that when you cashed your check you got the money all in five dollar bills?"

"Yes, all brand new ones."

"And the entire ten of them were in this drawer with the handkerchiefs?" went on Lange, stepping over to the bureau.

"Yep."

"Is that where you usually kept your money?"

"Yes, all that I didn't carry around with me in my clothes."

"Anybody know that was your strong box?"

"Oh, yes."

"Who?"

"Well, Dick, of course and the fellows in the next room"—referring to Monnett and Williams—"they hang out in here a good deal."

"Were your windows locked when you went to supper?" probed Phil.

"Yes, just as you found them when you tried them just now."

"But your door was unlocked?"

"As it always is."

"Do you remember Monnett and Williams at supper?"

"Monnett came into the dining room a few minutes after I did but ate in a hurry and left long before I got through. Williams came in just before I finished the meal."

Lange ran his hand across his mouth several times in a thoughtful way. Then he went to the wardrobe, threw open its doors and dragged out the knotted rope he had felt shortly before.

Raising one end, he threw the rest of it across the floor. It measured fully twenty feet long.

"Bobby, what have you been doing with this?" he asked sternly.

Lester had paled as he saw his friend drag the rope from its hiding place. Then he flushed in embarrassment at the question but offered no reply.

"Bobby, you have been using this to steal in at night with when you've been out after hours, haven't you?"

CHAPTER III.

PHIL LANGE TURNS SLEUTH.

It was an ironclad rule in Hexter Academy that every student must be in his room at 10 o'clock at night and that all lights must be out an hour later. Any boy who had a legitimate excuse for being out later than 10 o'clock could arrange to enter the dormitory by applying to President Hastings for one of the extra outdoor keys he kept under the lock in his big office desk.

Lester's eyes drooped at Phil's stern query but he ventured no answer.

"I suppose you know that if you're caught at that trick it means suspension?" Lange went on, in his quiet but impressive way.

Still Bobby kept his lips firmly closed.

"Well, young man," the older declared with a trace of sadness in his voice," you certainly are a disappointing surprise party to me. I thought better things of you. What d'you suppose your mother 'ud think if she knew of this," and Lange shook the end of the rope he held.

Bobby hung his head lower and the suspicion of a quiver showed in his lips. Lange knew his young friend well enough to realize that he was not bad at heart, which made him all the more anxious to solve the puzzle now confronting him and thus check any unfortunate habits the fatherless boy might be contracting. He felt sure that

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Lester must be under the influence of some older and less scrupulous student. Yet he could extract from the boy no hint of what that influence was. Phil admired him for his close-mouthed loyalty but became the more anxious to unravel the mystery and thus possibly save the boy from disgrace in the academy.

"I wanted to help you," he continued after moment's painful silence, "but I can't do a thing when you're keeping so much secret from me." He waited another moment and then said: "Won't give me even a hint, eh?"

Lester looked up, distressed and anxious. "Don't ask me, please, Phil; I can't say a word."

Lange went to one of the windows in the room and ran his hand along the under side of the sill. Near the end, concealed behind a small table, his fingers touched a heavy hook. Then he picked up the knotted rope again and found in one end a strong loop that fitted snugly in the hook.

"Clever idea, isn't it?" he ejaculated contemptuously. "You just run this loop over the hook, throw the rest of the rope out of the window, where it can hang in the shadow of that rain trough, and then you can come back at any hour of the night and climb it. Who else uses this beside yourself?"

"Oh, please don't," begged Bobby with tears in his voice. "You'll make me cry in a minute but you won't make me tell."

"Very well, young man, I'll leave you to your own nasty devices. But mind you, if you get into trouble, don't come belly-aching around and ask [illegible] to help you out. I've given you fair warning," and Phil threw down the rope, stalked out of the room, and slammed the door behind him.

Half-angry, half-sorry, he sought his own room and threw himself down on the couch. Teddy Jenks had gone out for the evening. For fully a half hour, Phil lay with his eyes closed, marshaling the events connected with the apparent theft of Bobby's fifty dollars. Finally he leaped to his feet, hurried into the corridor and down to the first floor dormitory door. Glancing about to see that he was unobserved, he stole out and across the grassy campus to President Hastings' home. He found the white-haired head of the academy at his desk.

"President," Phil began, "I want to make an unusual request."

"Yes, Lange."

"I want you to let me have the use of one of your dormitory night keys for a few days and along with it your permission to come in at as late an hour as I find necessary."

"A most unusual request, young man," said the President, peering in surprise over the tops of his eye-glasses. "Why do you make it?"

"That, Professor, must remain a secret for the present. I can assure you that it is for no improper purpose but for the possible good of one or more of your boys."

"If everything is not right, I should know of it," insisted the president with solicitude.

"To tell the truth, I have only a vague suspicion or two and it would not be fair for me to impart them to you without more evidence. I want the use of the key in finding that evidence."

"Well, well, you make me anxious. Yet I appreciate your purpose." Turning to his desk he unlocked a small drawer and took a brass key from among the half dozen that were attached to a ring. Handing it to Phil, he went on: "There isn't a young man in the academy, Lange, that I would as soon trust with one of these keys as you. But—please be careful."

"Depend upon it no wrong will come of my use of it," said Phil as he pocketed the key and retired.

He had scarcely returned to his room when timid rap sounded on the panel.

"Come in," he cried from his resting place on the couch.

The door slowly opened and Bobby Lester, shame-faced and embarrassed, stepped cautiously across the threshold.

"Well, son," exclaimed Phil, sitting up, "what is it now? Sit down and let's hear all about it."

"Oh, I ain't come to peach," the boy began slowly. "I've come to ask a favor."

"Well, out with it then."

"Phil, I'm terribly hard up. I've just got to have some money and I thought—that you—might help—me—a little."

Lange eyed his caller sharply. Then he blurted:

"You'll use it all right—not squander it like some of that you've had lately?"

Lester flushed deeply at the thrust but went on hurriedly:

"Oh, I'll promse you anything if you'll only lend me something. I just must have it."

"How much?"

"I could get along with twenty-five dollars. I'll pay—"

"Oh, never mind promising about the paying back," exclaimed Lange as he opened his wallet and handed over two ten dollar bills and one five. "Use it right and pay it back when you can."

Lester rolled up the bills and with shining eyes looked shyly at his friend.

"Phil," he said, "you're a brick. I'd tell you everything you asked me a while ago in my room but I just can't now."

"Oh, go long," answered Lange as he opened the door for Lester to leave, "but use that money carefully. You'll get no more lifts out of me."

The door closed, Lange went back to his couch and lay a long time in deep thought. He heard many of the dormitory doors open and shut and the tread of hurrying feet back and forth along the corridor. Then came the subdued hum of voices from the room of Monnett and William in the next room, followed by silence.

He arose noiselessly, turned the light almost out and going to the window, looked across the dark campus. Two boyish figures, whom he recognized as Monnett and Williams, were walking slowly down the graveled path to the street. In another moment he noted two other students whom he saw—with a sigh—were Lester and his roommate, Dick Farson, steal out from the shadow of the building and join the first pair.

CHAPTER IV.

LANGE'S PERILOUS PERCH.

"As I thought," muttered Phil. "Those harum-scarums—Monnett and Williams—are leading Bobby and his chum where they oughtn't to go. Seniors as they are, they should know better. But we'll see."

Throwing on a coat and a cap but not waiting to change his slippers for shoes, Phil hurried out of the building. First he stole along the wall until he stood beneath the windows of Lester's room.

"Sure enough, it's here," he murmured as he closed his hand over a knotted rope that hung from above and swayed lightly against the side of the dormitory. "But nobody would see it in this shadow unless they knew it was here."

Then he darted across the campus and reached the outer sidewalk just in time to see the quartet he had spotted swing around a corner and head for the business section of Hexter.

"Well, I'm on the heels of some discovery," thought Lange, as he strode along. Reaching the corner which Lester and his friends had turned, he took the opposite side of the street and kept far enough in their rear to avoid recognition. He reached the main business street half a block behind them. He saw them make a call at the postoffice and coming out go half way down the block.

In the shadow of a convenient doorway, Phil watched the four young men pause in front of the entrance to the "Bonton" cafe, look cautiously about and then—apparently satisfied that no one saw them—sneak quickly inside.

"Another of Hexter Academy's ironclad rules broken," muttered Phil—for its students were barred from entering a saloon on any pretext—"Maybe this is the time for me to give those fellows a bit of advice."

He hastened across the street and entered the cafe. His academy friends were nowhere in sight. He passed the noisy group of men at the bar and peered into the room in the rear. Its only occupants were two men busily talking at a table and a dozing waiter. Then he walked across the outer room to a door that evidently led to the floor above. With his hand on the knob, he was about to learn what lay on the other side when a gruff voice cried:

"Here, you, keep out o' that. No strangers allowed up there."

Looking up, Phil saw it was the burly, white-vested owner of the place. "Big Bud" Hicks. The man had been pointed to Lange as leader of the gutter politicians of Hexter to whose wishes the police, the board of aldermen and even the mayor frequently bent their wills.

"I'm looking for friends of mine," exclaimed Phil boldly. "They just came in here and I suppose they've gone upstairs."

"Mebbe," growled Hicks, "but you can't go up there until I know who you are. Friends what I entertain up there has got to be reg'larly introjuced to me," he ended with a jeer.

"Well," declared Lange briskly, "I'm not hankering after an introduction to you, Mr. Hicks, and I'm dead certain I have no desire for any of your brand of entertainment," and turning on his heel he quit the place.

Back across the street he strode and, taking a position at the outer edge of the walk, carefully inspected the front of the upper story of the "Bonton." But he saw nothing except three windows, curtained but with no indications of light behind them.

Then he made his way to the alley that ran in the rear of the cafe. Reaching a point where he could command a good look at its rear walls, he noted that while all the three windows of the second story were heavily curtained, a bright light was shining behind them for it crept through in a thin line at the sides and in a broad sheet nearly a foot wide at the top of the farthest window.

"Must have run shy of curtain when they hung those windows," said Phil to himself. "Well, it's lucky for me for it gives me a chance to see what's going on behind them."

Glancing up and down the alley to see that he was not watched, Phil vaulted agilely to the roof of a shed that stood behind the Hicks' cafe. Mounting to its highest point, he found that a fifteen-foot space intervened between where he crouched and the windows he sought to reach. Casting about for some expedient, he discovered that the shed connected with the adjoining building reached to its rear wall.

To this he stealthily clambered and then crawled along its roof, sloping upward to the brick wall to which it was attached, until he touched the sheer side of the building. Rising to his full height here, he could reach almost to the window through the top of which he planned to peer. He could hear the dull, confused hum of many voices within but was unable to distinguish a word or recognize the owner of a single one of them.

"I've just got to get a peep in there," he muttered. "And yet what an embarrassing position for a Hexter senior if I should be caught. They might take me for a burglar.

(Continued on page nineteen.)

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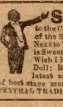

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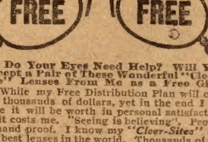

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Adrift on an Iceberg.

(Continued from page thirteen.)

us a foot-hold, but I'd advise sir, that we step careful.

A slip would give us a nasty fall, an' we don't hanker to have an ambulance list. Most up?"

"Nearly. Why, Davy, you don't seem to be so good at this work as at footing ratlines and laying out on the yards."

"Right you are, sir. I'm a sailor born and bred, but no ice-picker. I don't need to say that Arctic explorers have weapons to stab into the ice to steady themselves, as an old man uses his cane. My toes ain't pointed to that extent. So we are up, eh?"

"All up, Davy. Here is the summit, and day is not far off."

There was a degree of peace where they stood, and it seemed less cold. Some wind was abroad, but not enough to worry them. As yet, they could see no more of the water than that it lay broad upon the northern brow of the berg, but each moment was graying the black night, and they were all eagerness. They fell to talking of the Dancing Peggy and her melancholy fate, of their successful whaling operations, and then of the ill luck that shut them away from escape to the temperate latitudes.

"Poor old Peggy!" sighed Davy solemnly. "Smashed into kindlin'wood now, an' here be we, adrift on an iceberg!"

"Let's move farther this way. We shall get just as good a view, and the ravine that has our supply of wood is over there. We will carry enough fuel back with us to use for breakfast."

They went as indicated, and once more watched the dawn steal into the blackness.

"I begin to see the water, Davy pursued. "No wessel in sight, though we can't survey a long ways yet."

"Man alive, I'm looking at something else. Yonder is the ravine, and the wood in it. But there's something else. See, see!"

"Why, 'beat me with a belayin'-pin if it ain't—"

"A ship, Davy; a ship, and high and dry in the ravine."

"Thunder! But we're dreamin', sir. That ain't the Peggy nor the Pilot—"

"A ship stranded in the ravine, and a strange ship at that. What mystery is this?"

CHAPTER VI.

A TRAGIC DISCOVERY.

For a few seconds there was a total silence on the ice-top, for the discovery utterly dumbfounded the men. It was Ruel who broke the lull.

"You say right in claiming that she is neither the Peggy nor Captain Knight's Sea Pilot. I am astonished to learn that another ship has been in these waters, but there you have it."

"She drove ashore in the night," added the carpenter.

"Yes, and very high and dry. But—see here, Davy, did she? How could any ship drive so far from the sea, and so high upon the land?"

"Right you are, sir. It ain't in nature that it should happen. Clean impossible! She was there before this big blow."

"But I went to that ravine last night for fuel, and she was not there. Wait a bit!—maybe she was there. It was dark as a stack of tar when I went, and I stopped as soon as I gained the nearer side of the timber. It is quite possible that I failed to see her. Nothing singular about that."

"A ship!" cried the carpenter, as if arousing from a dream. "Say, sir, I vote that we leave spyin' the sea for now and have a hard-by look at that ship. From here she don't seem bad broke up, and it may be she holds somethin' o' value to us."

"Come!"

Ruel's blood was on fire, and he started quickly. Risking injury to their bones they descended as soon as possible, and then crossed the five hundred yards of level that separated the ravine from Castle Columbus. The day was still advancing, and by the time they arrived at their destination they could see fairly well.

"That wessel is a stranger, all right," remarked the carpenter.

"And she's no whaler. Her every line is different. If I know my salt-water alphabet, she was built for bucking ice. That's an Arctic explorer's craft."

"Where's that same explorer?"

"Dead, I fear."

"She's been here a long while, sir. Mark you how she is buried in the ice. Almost up to her channels, and froze in tight as a garboard strake."

"We have struck a tragedy of the sea."

They came to a halt, a few yards from the ship, eyeing her intently. Above her deck she was a total wreck. The fore-mast was wholly gone, the mizzen was only a ragged splinter three feet high, and the main-mast might have been touched at its broken top by a tall man. All masts had been carried away at some unknown time, but a few broken spars remained in sight, making part of a grewsome raffle that littered her deck. At that point canvas, ropes, spars, a couple of yards, a few casks and numerous other articles went to litter the way from stern-post to bow-sprit-chocks.

"She's been that way more days than one, sir," pursued Davy.

"What does it mean? How did she ever get into this ravine? It is twenty feet above the level of the sea, or even more, and some hundreds of feet from water. Do we really see what we think we see? How did she get here?"

Davy plucked off his cap and rubbed his head slowly. He was vastly perplexed, but suddenly he brightened up.

"Mr. Taylor, this here ravine is a reg'lar wood-yard, so to speak. Trees and small stuff lie here over a whole acre, and that there wessel is in the midst of the stuff."

"Ha! I follow you, carpenter. You think she has been here as long as the wood."

"Maybe longer, sir. Now, this is my guess. She was wrecked or abandoned nigh the shore, and as new ice formed she was ketched in it. After that, as is always the way when a berg leaves land, this timber got mixed up in the fracas. Yes, sirree, I see it. The ship was ketched, the timber piled down alongside o' her, and finally the whole caboodle went to sea."

While Davy was speaking Ruel nodded. Their minds were running in the same channel, and they were wholly agreed.

"Right, my lad!" the mate exclaimed. "Well, having settled that point, let's to things of more importance. Let's board her. This may be a valuable find."

They swung aboard, finding the bulwarks unbroken and firm, and, once more pausing, eyed the deck.

"Everything battened down," said Ruel.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Here are tools enough, hand-spikes, axes and the like. We will force the hatches open, for I'm crazy to see what's below. Here's to work, my hearty!"

Removing such raffle as impeded their movements they soon had the companionway clear, and no time was lost in going below. The cabin air met them damp and unwholesome, but they wasted no time. Finding the swinging lamp they made a light. Both had held a fear that death might be there, but nothing of the kind checked their ardor. The place was without previous tenants. Confusion reigned supreme. The floor was littered with broken crockery that had been flung from the uninjured table, the stateroom doors stood wide open, and there, as in the cabin, everything had gone rioting in disorder.

"Nothing here," said Ruel hastily. "What I want to know is, are any stores aboard—food and clothing is our want. Lively, Davy!"

Twenty minutes later the two men again stood in the cabin, shaking hands in excited joy.

"She was an Arctic explorer—"

"Abandoned for some reason—"

"But stripped of nothing—"

"And there is food enough aboard to last our party two years—"

"And plenty of clothing—"

"And a full chest of medicines—"

"And a thunderin' fine stove that we can carry to our den to burn wood in, by thunder!"

"It's a tremendous find, mate; a glorious find! It settles our problems at one stroke. We will live like lords, or, at least, we will live like hermits, or something of that sort. Hey, Davy?"

Ruel forgot that he, as a mate, was supposed to preserve his dignity, and he slapped the carpenter heartily on the back. Whereupon Davy fell to dancing as nimbly as his cold-stiffened legs would permit. If ever there were a time that the quarter deck and the forecastle should fraternize freely, that surely was one of the occasions.

"What a windfall!" Ruel pursued. "This is no whaler that was fitted out expecting to return to mild regions before winter fell, but the craft of men who expected to winter many times in the Polar regions. That being so we shall find all that Polar needs require. Stay a bit! I'm forgetting that the log-book may be aboard."

"Reckon it is, sir."

"I doubt it. Unless abandoned under particularly tragic circumstances, the log would be carried way by the captain."

They entered the stateroom they judged had been that of the master of the ship. The berth was filled with disarranged blankets, and a couple suits of clothing hung on the wall hard by a variety of charts, but that was about all. The log was not on the table, nor yet in the lockers.

"Taken away! Nothing to be learned here. We neglected to read the name on the stern, but—"

The mate stopped short. He had passed out into the cabin, and now, for the first time, he say a broad sheet of paper affixed to the bulkhead with a knife. Words were written upon it in a coarse hand, and he read eagerly:

"Ship General Washington
Sailed from New York, Aug. 21, 1836
Abandoned at Sea, May 9, 1837
See Letter on Stateroom Table."

Back to the smaller rooms surged the men, but they searched in vain. No letter and no sheet of paper was to be discovered. Their faces fell, for the mystery had taken strong hold upon them. Why had the vessel been abandoned, and where, if living, were the crew? The last hope of learning these things seemed to disappear as the hunt failed.

"Notice them tiny bits o' paper, sir," said Davy presently. "That's the work of rats, an' you can bet your last dollar that them same rats has eat up the letter, or, what is all the same, torn it into small bits and carried it away to their nests."

"Doubtless that is it, unless somebody has been ahead of us. I suspect that the General Washington lay a long while near the land, and some Esquimaux or other wanderer may have got here before us. Any one seeing an abandoned ship, would naturally go all over it."

Ruel started as a new idea came to him. Then he wheeled upon Davy.

"Hurry back to Captain Drake and report our find. He will decide what to do, but, no matter what his plan may be, ask him to send half a dozen of our best hands here at once. We are forgetting that if the crew of the Sea Pilot lived last night through, they may make mischief for us. These stores are of vital importance, and whoever gets them will save his life, while the other fellows will possibly lose theirs. Let the rival whalers show up here and the duece will be to pay. Tom Minker, their mate, is an ex-jailbird, as we all know, and he has other fellows of his breed. We must hold this ship and its stores. Back to Captain Drake! Run your liveliest."

Ruel poured forth this speech impetuously, and the carpenter, catching the fever, answered briefly and dashed up the companion.

Their precious find must be saved.

Having sent him the mate grew briefly easier in his mind, and wandered about the after part of the ship, gloating over the clothing, pantry supplies, medicines and other valuables. Really, the men of the Dancing Peggy had not an article of clothing fit for wear in weather such as they

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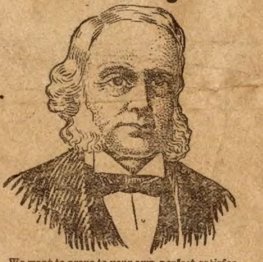

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must inevitably meet before many days, while that aboard the General Washington was exactly suited for such wear. Chosen by Arctic explorers, each garment was of excellent quality and very warm, and just the proper things for Arctic use. With fur coats and hoods over good underwear, hunters could brave all weathers.

For a while Ruel paid homage to these articles, after which he chuckled in delight over the preserved stuff in the pantry, but the mystery of the ship again appealed to him.

"Old vessel," he murmured, "what of your crew? Who were they? Why did they go? Where are they now? Buried many fathoms deep in water, or lying with bleaching bones on some ice-top? Neither, I hope, but it's a time of biting hardship when mariners desert their ship."

His musings were interrupted as an ice-coated plank, for some reason, rattled on deck.

"Strange!" muttered the mate. "Have I so poorly judged the time? It seems impossible that Davy is back with reinforcement, but that was a human tread. Ay, and voices now! Davy has been quick—Great heavens! What if it is somebody else?"

Wheeling he dashed up the companion steps, and into the light of day. As he rose he had a shock that brought him to a full stop. Half a dozen men were on deck, and they were not his shipmates. His heart took a sickening turn as he recognized Tom Minker and other hands from the rival whaler. They were clearly less surprised than he, for Minker promptly burst into a harsh laugh.

"Hallo! here's the first discovery!" he jeered. "This rooster is ahead of us, but small good it will do him. We claim this ship, we will have it, with all that's within it; and if Mister Taylor objects we will end his meddling at once and forever!"

With this the speaker picked up a handspike and took a step toward the solitary man from the Dancing Peggy.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

The Boy Raiders.

(Continued from page seventeen.)

'Bud' Hicks, no doubt, would be glad to make such a charge against me."

Phil glanced upward in the thick gloom. The sill of a window was at his face and a rain-drain pipe ran close to its side. Casting his slippers aside, he grasped the pipe firmly and then crawled noiselessly upward until his stockinged feet rested on the sill. He waited a moment to renew his breath and to listen for any sound that might indicate he was discovered. But he heard nothing to alarm him.

Then, agile as a cat, he once more grabbed the pipe and crawled upward until he could plant one foot on the slight stone coping over the window. From this position, he found it easy to reach the edge of the roof and crawl upon it. Here he lay for several minutes, panting and peering through the darkness to learn his surroundings.

Getting to his knees, he crawled over to the Hick's roof and then carefully to its rear edge. Lying on his stomach and with his hands holding firmly to the crest of the brick wall, he slipped head and shoulders carefully downward.

His position was precarious. Should his hold be loosened, he was sure to drop at least twenty-five feet to the ground below. Yet he thought not of his peril in his astonishment at the sight that greeted him as he looked through the window where the curtain did not reach quite to the top.

For upwards of a half hour he lay on the graveled roof with his eyes glued on the scene beneath him. He had a view that enabled him to observe every person and every movement in the room.

As the town bells rang nine he crawled carefully back to the adjoining roof, slipped quickly and noiselessly down to the shed, returned his slippers to his feet, and leaping to the ground, left the alley for the street. Once with a sober face he turned to look back at the curtained windows.

"Who would ever have thought it of Hexter Academy boys?" he muttered as with head bent he retraced his steps to the dormitory. Then as his fingers tightened into a clench, he went on: "But I'll stop it or my name isn't Phil Lange!"

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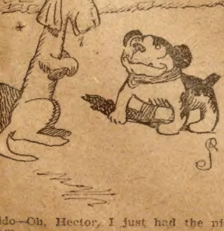
Yum! Yum!



Fido—Oh, Hector, I just had the nicest dream.

Hector—What was it?

Fido—I dreamed I was the only pet of a man who owned a butcher shop.

Tell Him So.

Don't be afraid to praise people. It is all very well to say that it hurts a boy or a man or a woman to praise; there may be those who do their best work without encouragement, but let us remember that nearly all of us who live on this earth are human beings, and human beings work best when encouraged.

It is a great mistake not to tell people when you are satisfied with them. If the cook sets before you a dinner fit for a king tell her so.

Don't be too lofty to praise the office boy if his work is commendable. Tell him so.

It is harder for some people to give praise than it is for them to give money. Many a generous man is a very niggard of praise.

Do you like to be praised yourself? Then depend upon it the other fellow will like it.

Pour the oil of encouragement on the wheels of progress and watch 'em whirl.

I'm not advocating soft soap or flattery or gush. No one likes to be gushed at, and any fool can tell flattery from the real thing. But when a man has made a hit with you, tell him so. He may die before you get another chance, or you may die yourself.

It takes quality to appreciate quality, so when you praise a thing you are really offering a compliment to yourself. Doesn't that appeal to you? Will nothing move you? Will you let all the good things in life pass you by, and you as mum as a dead owl?

Wake up, man! Watch out for a chance to praise some one, admit to your own self that you like what he has done, and then—

Tell him so!

She Was Particular.

Ethel, aged 6, had gone down the village street with her new doll. It could be plainly seen that she was in dire distress. She stood still, and after a close scrutiny of several men who passed she accosted one.

"Say, are you an honest man?" she demanded.

"Why, yes, I think so," was the astonished reply.

"Well, then, if you're sure you're an honest man," said the little maid, "please hold my dolly while I tie my shoe."

The Main Question.

Thrown from her luxurious limousine, the fair girl had lain insensible for many hours. Now, however, the operation was over, consciousness had returned, and she spoke faintly in the darkened room.

"Yvonne?"

"Yes, mademoiselle." The maid bent over her.

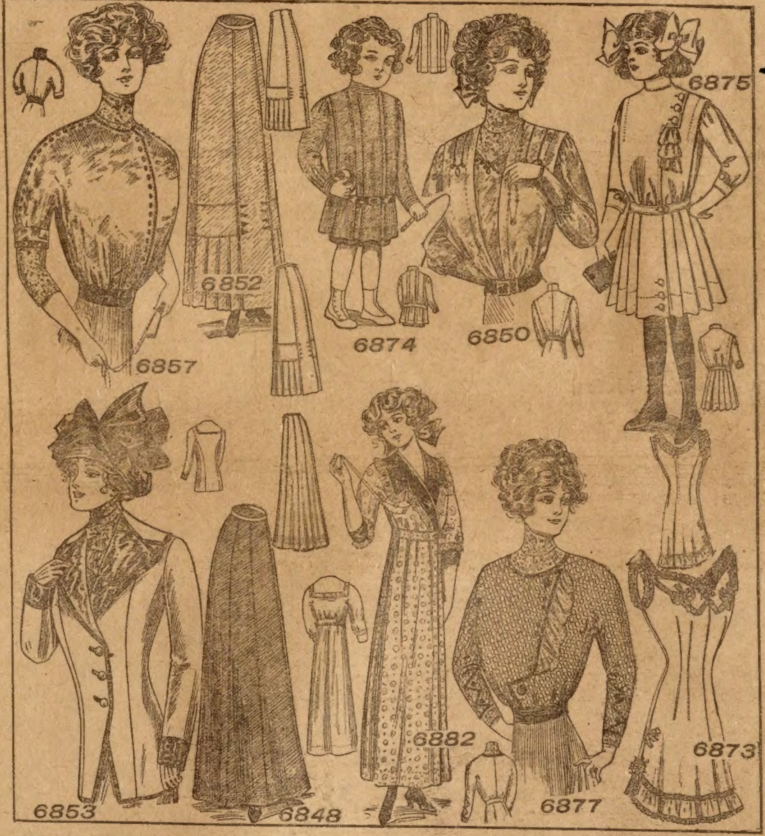
"Yvonne, tell me——Did I, or did I not, have on my new silk stockings?"

GET FIVE PATTERN COUPONS FREE!

Hundreds of Patterns to select from and all the time you need to select them.

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. We think our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. To meet this need we have arranged to give our readers a pattern service that is unexcelled.

We have decided to make a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and, what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. READ OUR SPLENDID OFFER BELOW.



6857—Blouse with Chemisette and Under-Sleeves, 34 to 42 bust. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 2⅝ yards 24 or 27 inches, 2 yards 36 or 1½ yards 44, with ⅞ yard all-over lace for chemisette and under-sleeves.

6852—Six Gored Skirt for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years. The quantity of material required for the 16 year size is 5¾ yards 24 or 27 inches wide, 4 yards 36 or 2¾ yards 44 inches wide.

6874—Boy's Box Plaited Dress, 1, 2 and 4 years. The quantity of material required for a child 2 years old is 4¾ yards 24 or 27 inches wide, 2¾ yards 36 or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide.

6853—Coat with Fancy Collar, 34 to 42 bust. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4½ yards 27 inches wide, 2½ yards 44 or 2¼ yards 52, with ⅝ yard of silk for revers and cuffs, ½ yard of satin for bands.

6850—Tucked Blouse for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years. The quantity of material required for a girl 16 years of age is 3½ yards 24 or 27 inches wide, 2 yards 36 or 1¾ yards 44, with ⅝ yard of all-over lace.

6875—Girl's Plaited Dress with Front Closing, 6, 10 and 12 years. The quantity of material required for the 10 year size is 4¾ yards 24 or 27 inches wide, 4 yards 36 or 3½ yards 44 inches wide.

6848—Eleven Gored Skirt, 22 to 32 waist. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 9¾ yards 21, 27 or 36 inches wide, 4¼ yards 44 when material has figure or nap, but if there is neither up nor down 5 yards 36 inches wide will suffice. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2½ yards when made with habit back, 2¾ yards when made with inverted plaits.

6882—House Gown for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 or 18 years. For the 16 year size will be required 5¾ yards of material 24 or 27 inches wide, 4½ yards 36 or 3¼ yards 44 inches wide with ⅝ yard of satin for trimming.

6877—Fancy Blouse, 34 to 42 bust. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 2⅝ yards 24 or 27 inches wide, 2⅛ yards 36 or 2⅝ yards 44 inches wide, with ⅜ yard of all-over lace, ¼ yard of silk for banding and ⅝ yard of lace for the jabot.

6873—Combination Corset Cover and Closed Drawers, 34 to 44 bust. The material required for the medium size will be 2⅝ yards 36 or 2¼ yards 44, with 8 yards of insertion, 8 yards of edging and 3½ yards of beading to trim as illustrated.

HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERN COUPONS.

Here is the way we will do it: To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of The Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you will have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc. so that anyone can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get ten coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modistes of New York and Paris, and are all up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber, send in a dollar and we will send you the five pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these five coupons entitling you to five patterns, fill out the blank below and enclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons!

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT TO US

THE CHICAGO LEDGER,
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Enclosed please find one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger.

This entitles me to Five Pattern Coupons.

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☞ If you wish any patterns from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number). GOOD FOR ANY TIME.

The Ledger's Splendid Free Pattern Offer. Read About It.

FOR

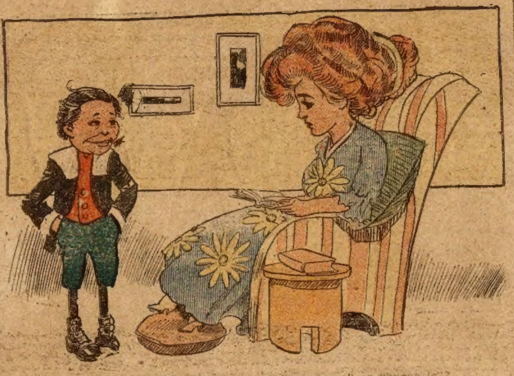
YOUTHFUL EYES

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN

There was an old woman, old woman, I say,
Who lived in a house on the hill.
She wore a red wrapper, all gaudy and gay,
And she couldn't, she couldn't stand still.

The reason she couldn't—the reason, I mean—
Is simple, when only you know.
The reason she couldn't—this line goes between—
Was a corn on her second best toe.

AGGRAVATING.



Johnnie—Say, sis, which is correct, "burns are" or "burns is"?
Sister—"Burns are," of course. Why do you ask?
Johnnie—Oh, nothin'! Only Mr. Burns are waitin' fer ye down in th' parlor.

'Possum for Dinner.

Miss Minnie Thompson was all alone in her house in Atlanta, Ga., and it was night and she heard something in the chicken-house. Now when somebody in Georgia hears something in the chicken-house at night, it is a pretty sure sign that all the chickens will not be ready for breakfast by the next sunrise. Miss Thompson did not care to lose any fowls, and so she got her father's revolver and loaded it, and went out into the back yard. She crept up to the chicken-house, and the noise was louder than ever, and so she held the revolver out at arm's length and shut her eyes and pulled the trigger. The bullet did not hit anything, of course, but the sound of the shot stopped the commotion inside the chicken-house and raised the neighborhood. When the neighbors came running to find out what might be the matter and who was killed, they looked into the chicken-house and found a small and greatly frightened 'possum showing his teeth in a grin. They took the 'possum out of the the place and locked him up and fed him, and Miss Thompson and her father had him to eat Thanksgiving Day instead of turkey.

A MEETING.

A Katydid slim met a gay Bumble Bee
A-strolling one day in the garden.
"Good day, Mistress Kate! Your servant," quoth he.
"Sir, your boldness is quite beyond pardon!"
"I fear, Lady Kate, you've forgotten me quite.
We met at the german last Tuesday night,
At the house of Miss Wasp, number five Clover Row,
Introduced by Miss Cricket at supper, you know.
Pretty girls there were there, but none of them all
Compared with yourself—the Belle of the Ball!
Indeed, Mistress Kate, I'm not flattering you.
'Pon honor, my dear, every word of it's true!
Which way are you going? Out for a walk?
Permit me to go and continue our talk.
Let me carry your parcels. Quite warm, don't you think?
Shall we stop at the Locust's to get a cool drink?
Now what will you have? Frozen dew-drops are nice.
Have you ever tried nectar served up with crushed ice?
Oh, waiter, one nectar—one dewdrop frappe.
How lucky, Miss Kate, our meeting to-day!
Must you go now? I hope I've not walked you too far.
You're going to ride home? Ah! here comes your car.
Good-bye! Shall we meet at the Butterflies' Ball?
Thanks awfully, Miss Kate. I'm delighted to call!"

The Lost Whistle.

It would have been careless of the engine if she had really lost her whistle, but as a matter of fact she did not lose it. She only took it off because the weather was warm. It is a pity that the engineer did not understand sooner. The engine was drawing a heavy train through Georgia and it was all whole when it left the town of Madison on its way to Atlanta. Five miles out of Madison the engineer tried to whistle for a crossing, but he found he couldn't. There was no whistle to whistle with. Now, that was a sad state of affairs, and so the engineer stopped the train, and it was decided that the whole train would better be backed up until the whistle should be found somewhere along the track. The train backed into the station at Madison and no one had found the whistle. Then some one happened to look at the engine, and found that the whistle was lying comfortably along the side of the boiler. Then the train started up again and got into Atlanta only three hours behind time, which is not at all bad for Georgia.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Caller—Is your father in favor of patronizing home industry?

Small Boy—You bet he is. You ought to see the way he makes me work.

Elizabeth, 5 years old, paid a visit to the dentist. After the troublesome tooth had been extracted her aunt asked the young woman if it hurt. Elizabeth answered, "Well, auntie, it came out just before I died."

Madeline was telling all about a new doll, when suddenly her Aunt Jennie turned to her and said, "What is it, dearie? Auntie didn't hear you." Madeline, who is 7 years old, answered, "Auntie, can't you hear without your earrings in your ears?"

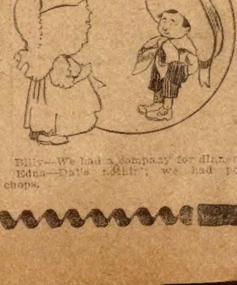
An Aspirant Pig.

Who ever saw a pig up a tree? Plenty of people, but they all live near the town in Long Island where John Kane and his little pig have been living. The little pig is only 7 months old, but it is not so little as it might be, and that makes it harder to understand how the beast can climb a tree. He could not climb a straight tree, but there is one that is bent over so that the boughs rest on the ground, and the pig likes to climb up on them and walk along the trunk until he is pretty far up in the air. He has not yet fallen off, but he probably will some day when he has grown old and fat.

IF.

If turkeys grew on Christmas trees and pumpkin pies were cheap
And all the schools were closed and locked from morning until night
And all folk laughed the live-long day, forgetting how to weep,
Then the boys and girls would find the situation wholly right.

Family Pride.



Billy—We had a company for dinner.
Edna—Dat's nothin'; we had pork chops.

SMASHING

Watch Offer

Our great fight against the Watch Trust is **Now On.** We are **determined** to maintain our **independent Burlington line** and to do it **quickly** and thoroughly. And so we are making this offer, the most startling, the most overwhelming offer ever known in the whole history of the watch industry. A more liberal offer to **you, the consumer,** than any other concern would dare to make to the biggest wholesalers.

TRUST PRICES SMASHED!

At last! An absolutely perfect watch, the magnificent Burlington Special, at a price and on terms within the reach of all. For we are waging the fiercest battle against trust methods ever known in the history of this country. We will **NOT** be bound by any system, no matter how powerful. We call the great factories a trust because they have perfected a system of contracts and agreements with dealers everywhere, which enables them to fix prices and control trade. We do not say that the Watch Trust is illegal. But we do insist that their system of "quiet" agreements and price boosting contracts is very, very unfair.

The Watch Trust has cornered the dealers, but we are determined to win this fight **no matter what it costs.** So we have decided to offer our very finest watch, the unparalleled Burlington Special, **direct to the public** on a staggering offer which must simply annihilate unfair competition.

Here Is Our Offer—You may get our finest watch at the anti-trust price and besides, if you act at once, you may secure the splendid Burlington Special at the no-dealer price, without profits added—exactly the same price which the wholesale jeweler himself must pay. Think—the quality watch, the world's masterpiece of watch manufacture, for less than half the price asked for watches even approaching this one in quality.

And Without Money Down We will send the watch to any responsible person without asking you for a single cent in advance. There are no formalities. There is not the slightest obligation on your part of any kind or nature except to compare it carefully with any watch you ever saw, **no matter what the price.** Then if not satisfactory, you may return it to us **at our expense.** But if you find this watch the most stupendous bargain you ever dreamed of, just slip the watch into your pocket and pay us the Rock-Bottom price, either in cash or on terms of **$2.50 a month** just as you prefer.

You pay exactly the same price whether you buy for cash or on time. We allow the public the advantage of these $2.50 a month terms, in order to quickly attract national attention to our great anti-trust fight. So that **everybody** can afford to get a Burlington watch at once.

WATCH BOOK FREE! Our remarkable Watch Book now sent free on request. We are determined that the public shall be **posted** on the startling conditions existing in the watch industry **throughout** the entire country. We want the public to **know** the real truth, the inside truth about watch prices and watch values. Secret selling methods, price boosting contracts, "quiet" agreements to uphold prices, all are completely explained in this book. Besides, we tell you the whole story of our great anti-trust fight and our $1,000 challenge to giant competitors.

NOW WRITE for the free Watch Book at once. If you would like to own a good watch—if you ever expect to own one, you should send for the great book without an instant's delay. You ought to know the facts about these inside prices. You ought to be able to judge watch values for yourself. Besides, we also explain our wonderful anti-trust offer direct to the consumer. No obligations. Just send us a postal or letter, or your name and address on this coupon. The watch book and full particulars will be sent you at once, **FREE**, prepaid.

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19th St. & Marshall Blvd.,
Chicago, Illinois.

BURLINGTON WATCH CO., Dept. 4151, 19th St. & Marshall Blvd., Chicago.
Please send me without obligation and prepaid, your free book on watches and copy of your $1,000 challenge to the giant factories with full explanation of your cash or $2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Special.
Name.................................
Address..............................

This is the GENUINE BURLINGTON SPECIAL

Our very finest watch and the absolute peer of any watch made in the world today. It is, of course, impossible to give a full description here, but we submit this short outline so that you may have some idea of how this perfect masterpiece is constructed.

The Markings of the Burlington Special watch will show you at once the absolute superiority of this fully adjusted movement.

Fully Adjusted This is the point of a high grade watch. And no watch is in *every* way high grade and O.K. unless it is *fully* adjusted. A watch merely marked adjusted, may be adjusted only as to temperature, not adjusted as to positions. In the *higher* grade movements of the factories, the markings say, "adjusted to temperature, adjusted to positions." The double marking, is a characteristic of only the most *expensive* watches, and it is this marking, "adjusted to temperature" and "adjusted to positions," which you will find on the "Burlington Special."

Adjusted to Temperature The watch is put into a refrigerator and run for 24 hours, then it is put into an oven of 100 degrees temperature and run for 24 hours. Then it is run in normal temperature for 24 hours. *This process is continued until the watch runs the same in all temperatures.* Not 10% of all watches made are adjusted to temperature.

Adjusted to Isochronism A careful adjustment so that the speed of a watch when it is fully wound up is the same as when it is almost run down. Not more than four watches out of every one hundred watches made in the United States have this adjustment.

Adjusted to Positions Adjusting a watch to position is adjusting it so it runs the same in various positions. You can easily see that if a watch is to run absolutely accurate the friction of the bearings must be exactly the same for different positions. The adjustment is never attempted on more than a very, very minute percentage of all watches made in the United States.

The Jewels used are the finest grade of selected genuine imported *ruby and sapphire jewels*, absolutely flawless. Nineteen of these chosen gems protect every point. *It is well understood in the railroad business that 19 jewels is the proper number for maximum efficiency.* Nineteen jewels is regarded by experts as the best number for a *perfect* watch, more jewels often being a source of complication rather than service. The *smaller* size ladies' watch has 17 jewels, giving this watch the protection needed for a lifetime of service.

Double Jewels that is, bearings with two jewels each are used in the Burlington. A watch so jeweled requires very much less attention than watches jeweled in any other way.

Jewel Fitting The hole in every jewel is highly polished by hand—a process that requires years of experience. This assures perfect alignment and wonderful accuracy.

Hand Work is another characteristic of the Burlington—the quality (not quantity) product. While the latest up-to-date automatic machinery is largely used in the factory, we rely for finishing upon the best expert hand work.

Main Spring The two points in which Americans have yet to compete with the Swiss are mainspring and hairspring. Although watch springs are made now in almost all parts of the world, no one has ever been able to equal these Swiss springs. The strain is almost absolutely constant, no matter whether the watch is fully wound or is nearly run down. The Swiss springs used in the Burlington watch do not crystallize with usage and breakage is very rare. These springs will run a watch from 32 to 36 hours.

Swiss Breguet Hairsprings are imported for the same reason as the imported mainspring. They are far better than any other hairspring made.

The U Spring Regulator allows adjustments to the smallest fraction of a second.

Double Sunk Dial This is an aristocratic feature and is exclusively used on our men's watches.

Factory Fitted Every Burlington Special movement is fitted into the case right at the factory where the movement was made—into a case made for that watch. No looseness. No rattle or jar, or wearing of parts against the sides of the case.

Our Direct Guarantee means that we will make good on any just complaint either as to workmanship or material, in either watch or case, at any time without red tape or formality. Note, we do not say within ten or twenty years, but at any time. Our guarantee, of course, does not include cleaning or breakages caused by carelessness or accidents, or tinkering with the watch, but, if anything is found wrong with the watch in any way, we will replace the part complained of, or we will repair the watch free of charge, or we will give you a new watch absolutely free, as you may elect. Note: This guarantee is good for 25 years, yes and longer than 25 years, for any length of time if anything is found wrong with the material absolutely without restriction.

Write Today for our free watch book explaining every detail of the Burlington watch.